The Toronto Saturday Night.

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THE FRONT PAGE

THE public ownership of utilities, such as gas, electricity and tramways, is much more common in England than is generally supposed, and while the results in some cases have not been all that is desired, still there is every indication that upon the whole, municipal trading is working out in such a manner that the time appears opportune for Canadians to take stock in their own privately owned public utilities.

I have before me a report of the Department of Trade and Commerce, in which details of municipal trading in five English cities of moderate size are given. These are Leeds, Sheffield, Bradford, Halifax and Huddersfield, five of the leading industrial cities in the Yorkshire district. In the case of Leeds, with an estimated population of 477,000, the results have been strikingly successful. In the last year reported upon the profits from these municipal undertakings contributed no less than $450,000 to the relief of the rates. Of this sum the tramways contributed $225,000 and gas $85,000, while the remainder is made up of profits derived from the waterworks and the markets. In this specific instance, electricity, up to the time the report was issued, showed that it had contributed nothing toward the relief of the taxpayers' but, nevertheless, the income was $60,000 in excess of expenditure. It is also noted in the report that since the municipality took over the electrical plant from the former company, prices per unit have been reduced from 4¾d. and 5d. for lighting to 4⅛d., while the rate for power remains as before at 2d.

During the same year in Sheffield the tramways showed a net profit of $180,000, from which sum $60,000 went toward relieving the taxpayers, while other amounts were divided up for municipal music, a grant to the Sheffield University and like objects.

In the case of Bradford, which has a population of just a trifle less than that of Toronto, the tramways earned a surplus of $55,000, while the ratepayers received something in the way of reductions.

It is noticeable in this report that in every one of the five cities named, the tramways, electricity and gas have all given excellent net returns to the municipalities, while in some cases the waterworks have been a burden.

Over here we do things a little differently. Where there is a profit to be made in, for instance, traction companies, gas companies and electric lighting plants, we allow the other fellow to step in and make these profits, while we keep the burdensome end of it ourselves, that is the waterworks.

To-day there is hardly a large city in Canada that is not suffering from this disease of privately owned public utilities. However, some day we will awake with a jolt to the fact that we have been working for the other fellow long enough. We will then begin to gather about us the utilities which we have thus far good-naturedly patronized to the extent of making this other fellow rich.

It will come. It must.

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THE newspapers of Ontario keep hammering away at the good roads question, but with seemingly little effect upon the class chiefly concerned in the matter—the people of the rural districts. One day this week The Globe, in discussing this problem said: "The amazing thing about the good roads movement is the apathy with which so one-sided a question is regarded by the people as a whole. A resolution asserting that good roads are not only of the highest value to the community, but an actual necessity, would be carried by a standing vote at any gathering from a Sunday school picnic to a meeting of a Board of Trade."

This is perfectly true, and it is certainly strange that the farmers of the province, while ready enough to vote "at a picnic" that good roads are a necessity, fairly scramble over one another at the polls to vote against any practical measure aiming to secure this necessity. If the present writer's memory does not err, Simcoe was the first county in Ontario to apply for and secure a share of the good roads appropriation set aside by the Provincial Government some years ago. By this excellent scheme, still in operation, any county council, acting on the authority of a mandate of the people at the polls, may secure government aid in making and maintaining roads leading to market towns within the county and under control of the county authorities. When this measure was about to be submitted to the people of Simcoe County, Mr. A. W. Campbell, the present Deputy Minister of Public Works for Ontario, who was then the chief provincial good roads official, went up there and worked with all his characteristic enthusiasm and force, on the public platform, and off it, to make the people of various municipalities of the county aware of their opportunity and their duty in the matter of this innovation. But, strange to say, while the measure was carried, it was given but little support by the ratepayers in the sections where Mr. Campbell had spent his time and talent clearly outlining the undoubted advantages of the proposed system.

The point is that farmers, as a class, are almost unbelievably slow to accept any good thing that is new. They accept advice slowly. To educate them by newspaper editorials or by any "outside" influence is a very slow and arduous process. The farmers of this province were many years in recognizing that the Ontario Agricultural College and Experimental Farm at Guelph was anything more than a joke, pretty but useless except as a fine resort for picnics and excursions. Now, farmers, young and old, learn things of almost inestimable value there. A dozen years ago Farmers' Institutes were also looked upon by practical agriculturists as another form of picnic. The speakers sent out by the government to address the meetings of this organization were thought to be advising methods impossible of application by the average farmer. But it is recognized now that the ideas, patiently spread at these gatherings until many of them were adopted, have contributed in a very large degree to the greatly increased prosperity and independence of the whole agricultural community. The Ontario farmer has not yet learned to be a good business man, but he is making progress in that direction, having learned something of the essentials of system and of the necessity of not putting all his eggs into one basket. To-day he goes in very largely for mixed farming, not depending, as formerly, on his wheat or some other single crop entirely; and so he is passing out of the hands of his ancient enemy, the village Shylock.

But he is still in the dark on the good roads question. "Statute labor"—that relic of pioneer days, when actual cash was about the last thing to pass as currency—is still engaged in very largely. Imagine the residents of a city street, when a new roadway is needed, each going out to work on the job himself or getting some one on another street to act as his substitute, one of the neighbors being appointed by the city council to boss the gang! Such is the principle of statute labor, and thousands of farmers in this enlightened province cannot understand that by paying slightly heavier taxes they could have cheaper and better roads made by practised roadmakers working under intelligent supervision.

It is a pity that city men, especially automobile owners, and farmers can not get together on this good roads question, and learn to understand one another, to kill a lot of old prejudices, and to go in for making the highways of Ontario creditable to the Dominion's premier province. Problems of transportation by rail and water are being well handled in this country. But the problem of building and maintaining good roads for transportation by wagon and sleigh—a very big one—is not being effectually grappled with. Unfortunately it offers no possibilities of adequate personal reward to really good grapplers—no government subsidies, no knighthoods or baronies, no graft of any kind worth while.

MOHAMMED ALI MIRZA, THE DEPOSED SHAH.

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THERE could not be any more striking evidence of the social and political tendencies of the times than the recent deposition of Mohammed Ali Mirza, Shah of Persia. This ruler had ventured to stand out against the demand of his people for a popular government, and as a result he was forced to take refuge in the Russian legation, while his young son was proclaimed ruler in his stead. Western ideas of government are certainly taking a strong hold in the ancient and mystic East, when such a state of affairs as this could come to pass in Persia, where the spirit of Oriental indolence and fatalism is supposed to hold such complete sway. People whose ideas of the country are drawn from Pierre Loti's delightful book, "Towards Ispahan," and works of a similar character, find it hard to conceive a revolution for popular government in the midst of that outworn land of marvelous beauty, with its cemeteries and its enameled mosques and its silent cities where broods the unchanging spirit of the East.

At the beginning of the present struggle public sympathy in America and Europe was very generally with the Nationalist party. People thought they saw in this movement the efforts of a nation to arouse itself from under the despotic yoke that lay heavy on its fathers. But as time has gone on this sympathy has little by little veered around to the Shah. It is true that he was a despot, as were his fathers before him, but he seemed to be an honest and well-intentioned despot, who really had at heart the interests of his people. Of course, if the men who have deposed him were true patriots and would really give Persia a popular government, there would be no reason for anything but rejoicing at the change, even though there seems to be grave cause to doubt the present fitness of the Persians for self-government. But at least this would be a step in the right direction, and the only way people can learn to govern themselves is by doing so. But it is now well known that the famous parliament which was dissolved by the Shah was by no means a popular assembly representing the votes and wishes of the people, but was a self-appointed coterie representing nothing so much as a desire for the spoils. Prince Zilli Sultan, too, the great organizer of the present Nationalist movement, has a bad reputation for cruelty and avarice, and his record while governor-general of one of the provinces is more than enough to make one doubt the sincerity of his present stand. There is thus little reason for congratulation over the victory of the Nationalists in Persia, and the feeling is more apt to be one of sympathy and regret for the deluded and unfortunate, but in the main honest and patriotic former ruler, Mohammed Ali Mirza.

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CANADIANS can shoot—that is clear. Those who won the Mackinnon Trophy and the Kolapore Cup at Bisley the other day had to compete against the best marksmen in the British Empire; and they not only won, but won easily, demonstrating their superiority in the most decisive manner. Especially was this the case in the contest for the Mackinnon Trophy, where the range is longer and conditions more nearly approach those of actual service. Here, the work of the Canadians was so remarkable as to call forth the express approval of Earl Roberts, and in his pessimistic latter years "Bobs" does not run much to gushing. Therefore, Canadians generally, have every right to feel proud of the work done by their representatives at the greatest rifle meet in the world.

There is a special interest attaching at the present time to such contests as this, on account of the Empire-wide movement for national defence. Not only in the mother-country, but in every colony as well, the question of the ability of the Empire and its individual members to defend themselves is being earnestly discussed, not as a mere academic theme, but with an eye to immediate practical results. From this has arisen all the talk of Dreadnoughts and naval supremacy and the like; and this naturally is of vital importance. But, of almost equal importance in the last analysis is the ability of the average citizen of mother-country and of colony to pick up a rifle when need arises, and go out and throw a bullet into a mark a thousand yards away. And, at this game the Canadian Bisley team have shown themselves to be better players than any other citizens of the whole broad Empire.

Of course, there are many who claim that it is one thing to fire at glaring, ringed targets at carefully measured distances, and with every circumstance that ensures accuracy, and quite another to take snap shots in the roar and fever of battle at a half-concealed or rapidly moving enemy. To people of this opinion, success at the ranges would argue little for efficiency in battle. But while the conditions are widely different, and while it would be absurd to expect the same deadly accuracy on the part of even the most expert rifleman, it would still remain true that a man like Sergt. Kelly, of the Grenadiers, who threw six shots out of seven plumb into the bull's-eye at 600 yards in the Kolapore Cup contest, would be a terrible fighting machine. There is sufficient justice, however, in the view of the sceptics to make it advisable that every effort should be made to bring range conditions into the greatest possible conformity with actual service. It is only from the standpoint of such service that rifle meets have any real value; and everything should be done to make them as much as possible a preparation for work in the field. Of course, it may be necessary at such tournaments as the one now in progress at Bisley to use conventional targets for purposes of judging; but it is easy to pay too much attention to such work, and so come to regard it as an end in itself, instead of being, as it is, merely a preparation and a means. Canadians, however, are at present too greatly pleased over the splendid showing of their team, to be inclined to carp at the conditions under which such a glorious victory has been won.

One feature of the success of the Canadian team has been made the occasion for reviving an old political and military discussion, and that was the part played in the victory by the Ross rifle—the notorious national arm which has been used as a weapon in ways hardly intended by its inventor. Everyone is familiar with the discussion of the merits of the rifle, a discussion which has been raging more or less continuously for some years. Some experts claimed it was a good military rifle; others thought it was better adapted for sporting purposes; while still others failed to see that it was good for anything except the enrichment of the gentlemen on the inside. But without entering into a discussion of these rival claims, and equally without trying to decide what credit is due to the marksmen and what to the rifle in the present contest, there can be no question that the Canadian team used good rifles, for such scores as theirs would otherwise be impossible. The only question that can be raised is whether or not the rifles used are mere service rifles, or special weapons carefully built for the occasion. But here, too, discussion is impossible, or, at least, very impolite. Sir Frederick Borden has stated they are service rifles, and—well, 'nuff said.

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AS the cost of badly constructed buildings, careless people, an over abundance of wooden structures, poor water supplies and, in rare instances, inadequate fire departments, the people of the North American Continent pay yearly a toll exceeding two hundred million dollars. And these figures, enormous as they are, take no account of the forest fires, which in Canada alone destroy millions upon millions of dollars' worth of timber every summer.

So long have we been accustomed to these great losses, that we take them much as a matter of course, little thinking that if we followed the lead of the large European centres we might not only save our millions for better purposes, but at the same time decrease the death roll by a good many hundreds each year. At the last annual meeting of the National Fire Protection Association, held in New York City, President C. M. Goddard in his address, made some interesting comparisons respecting the cities of the old world and our own jerry-built, flimsy communities. For instance, the annual per capita loss by fire in the six leading European countries is 33 cents, while in the United States the per capita loss is over $3, and in Canada it is still higher. Berlin, with a population of three millions, has an average fire loss of $175,000, and at the same time its fire department costs a little over $300,000 per annum. Chicago's fire loss is $5,000,000 annually, and its fire department costs $3,000,000 per year, although its population is only about two-thirds that of Berlin. In Glasgow, the fire loss in 1908, was $325,000, while Boston, with a less population, pays an annual toll of over two millions.

I quote these as but a few of the many comparisons made by Mr. Goddard, and in every instance there is striking proof that we have yet to grasp the problem of proper construction. Here in Canada our annual toll for fires amounts to upward of ten million dollars per year, according to the figures compiled by the Canadian underwriters and printed in the Government blue book, and, of course, this takes no account of the millions lost upon which there was no insurance, for the statistics of the underwriters make no record of losses other than those suffered by themselves.

Our annual ash heaps come high at these figures, and it strikes me that it is time that the Federal Government, the Provincial Governments, and the municipalities took up the question seriously.

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IT seems a pity that the bulletins issued by the Inland Revenue Department regarding the adulterations of foods, are not more widely circulated. If these reports, published as they are, with the names of the manufacturers of adulterated stuffs, such as cream of tartar and peppers, were given wide circulation, I imagine that these crooked manufacturers would very shortly go through the unpleasant experience of having their goods on their hands. A recent report of the Inland Revenue Department tells us that after examining 225 samples of cream of tartar, it was found that 20 per cent. of the stuff was adulterated, and as these samples were taken from the grocers' shelves in all parts of Canada, it is very evident that more than one manufacturer is turning out the impure article.

Some time ago I remember seeing a statement from this department, which indicated that fully fifty per cent. of the black pepper ground and sold in Canada was adulterated, while, as most people are already aware,

nearly all the preserves sold in bulk are far from what they seem. Perhaps these adulterations are harmless; but, then again, there is always the possibility, and in many cases the likelihood, that they are not. And, in any event, it would certainly seem to be the duty of the Government to give the widest possible circulation to any information that would enable the public to discriminate against the dishonest manufacturer. If there is one result of modern scientific research which has been brought more vividly than any other before the public, it is the danger of adulterated foodstuffs. People have been taught that disease lurks on every side and germs go about seeking whom they may devour. In such a state of close and continual seige by the powers of illness, every precaution is to be taken, and adulterated food is to be regarded as a modern wooden horse of Troy, carrying the enemy within the gates. Keep it, therefore, outside the walls.

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ON page 7 of this issue will be found a review of "Spies of the Kaiser," the recently published book by William Le Queux, who some two years ago startled England with his story, "The Invasion of 1910," which gave his countrymen a lurid picture of Britain in the grip of a German army. The sensation caused by this more than suggestive piece of fiction was somewhat of the nature of that resulting from the presentation of the play, "An Englishman's Home." Mr. Le Queux's present volume is also fiction, but he claims it to be founded on the fact that 5,000 German spies are plotting the downfall of England, hesitating at no crime in order to secure information that will make invasion easy when "The Day," as it is known in Germany, according to this writer, comes. And Mr. Le Queux thinks it is coming soon, if instant steps are not taken to stamp out this system of espionage on British defences.

There has been so much drum-beating by panic-mongers in England lately that the British people have given unusual evidences of being possessed of a real sense of danger from across the North Sea, and the spectacle of the immovable John Bull in a flurry has contributed to the gaiety of nations. Only this week the Admiralty ordered a fleet of one hundred and fifty fighting ships, ready for action, to enter the port of London in order to reassure the people, and hundreds of thousands turned out to take a look at that tremendous reality standing between them and any danger of invasion or the loss of British supremacy at sea. But it is well to remember that the very fact that there is excitement in England is very good proof that the old folks at home are far from "decadent." They are very much alive. As long as the conscience and consciousness of a nation are in good working order—not dulled or falling into complacency—the nation is not lacking in health or strength. And in this respect England seems to be in a fair way of looking after herself and of upholding all her great traditions.

Books like "Spies of the Kaiser" are of value as irritating influences—something very necessary at times to people and nations—but it is probable that German spies in England, if they exist, and the German invasion, if it comes, will be taken care of in the usual blundering but ultimately thorough British manner.

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THE death this week of Mr. Leonard S. Channell, editor and proprietor of The Record of Sherbrooke, Que., and President of the Canadian Press Association, in his forty-first year, is very regrettable, indeed, for he was a man of a type altogether admirable, and in our generation much too rare. Able but modest, enterprising but well-poised, he was successful in the best sense of the word, although he was content to publish a small daily paper in a small town, and never sought to become either rich or famous. He did not issue a weekly edition or maintain a job printing plant in order to swell the revenue of his office, as is the practice of nearly all publishers of small-city dailies. He concentrated all his energies on producing one publication as good as could be made in a limited field. As a prominent member of the Canadian Press Association for many years, Mr. Channell exerted his influence, which was always very considerable, in the direction of uniting the sentimental and business interests of the newspaper men of eastern, western and central Canada. He brought to his position as presiding officer of the Press Association this year, personal dignity and excellent executive ability, and every member of the organization felt that his occupancy added something to the honor of the office. Now every journalist of his acquaintance will feel more than momentary regret because of the untimely passing of this gentle, sincere, likeable man, and purposeful, capable fellow-craftsman.

⁂

THERE is at last the likelihood of establishing in London a national theatre and a national opera house. For many years a large number of the art-lovers of the capital of the Empire have worked for these two institutions, but until recently their efforts were fruitless. The intense individualism of the Englishman in all matters of thought and art worked against the plan, and there seemed to be as little chance of carrying it out, as there would be of establishing an Academy like the Immortals of France. But now success seems to be in sight. The national theatre is already more than a mere project; and it is only the other day that Joseph Beecham—whom the pills have made famous and rich—offered £300,000 for the endowment of an English National Opera, on condition that other people should subscribe £200,000. And there seems to be every probability of the other people doing it, so that the National Opera House may be taken for granted. The only question now is what will come of it.

There are many who object to such institutions as this on the ground that endowed art is a mistake. These critics point out that the only result of such an institution will be the production of operas that are so worthless they should never be produced at all, or are good, and therefore might be produced anywhere with profit. They also call attention to the chances for favoritism and the encouragement of cliques, once the ordinary commercial and competitive element governing the production of operas is withdrawn. But while making all due allowance for the partial truth in these claims, and while recognizing the necessity of the most skilful management of such an institution, it still remains true that there are great possibilities of usefulness before a national opera house. Properly conducted, it might bring before the public the works which are refused by ordinary producers because of their unusual nature, or their costliness, or the obscurity of their authors; it might also encourage national art by its performance of the work of national composers; more than this, it might be a bulwark and a standard of national taste by producing, even at a loss, the better things of art in times when people are led by their love of novelty or their folly to worship before false gods.

THE COLONEL.

The Men That Get the News

THAT YOU READ TO-DAY.

THE fact that John S. Crate is now news editor of The Toronto Sunday World should bar him from this column, but his distinction has been so recent that it need not greatly militate against him.

At any rate, it was not so many years since that J. S. was careering about Owen Sound as a reporter on The Times, in which days his attitude towards metropolitan newspaper work and workers was very humble. Mr. Crate used to wonder how any one could work enough wires to get a job in Toronto at all. Like the scene-shifter who with great temerity views the star of the play as occupying a place worlds above him, this reporter while he had visions of it, could not see how he could ever manage to get placed here.

Part of his newspaper experience lay in corresponding

J. S. Crate of The World.

for The Toronto Globe. On one occasion that newspaper was especially interested in a story at Owen Sound, and the correspondent was wired there to meet the editor, J. A. Macdonald. The editor seemed a pretty big man to J. S. Crate, but the latter gave all the information asked for and sized up so well in the eyes of the boss that a couple of months later the correspondent was invited to Toronto to join The Globe staff. So you see that everything comes to him that waits—in the right place.

His first assignment on The Globe was to report Dr. Osler at the opening of the Medical Library, and the new man was very proud of his stunt and of the fact that his story was run with a two-column cut of the library building. He always has had a hankering for stories with pictures to them, resembling the public very much in this respect.

So he went along and made good on The Globe, till he was sent as special commissioner to investigate the secession movement in the Rainy River country, the result of which publicity was to obtain legislation beneficial to the settlers. Then Crate delved into pulp. He and William Banks, jr., travelled nine thousand miles on this commission, and their work had most important effects both in Canada and the United States. Crate filled several posts on The Globe, and then he decided to jump to The World. He went electioneering with Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and the Premier seemed to like Crate's impartial reports, for he gave him an autograph picture of himself at the end of the tour.

A couple of years later, Crate hit the Gow Ganda trail for The World. He travelled on foot, accompanied by a guide, over 125 miles through the unbroken forests of the North. He tramped through snow and ice, got soaked and half frozen the first night in camp, and devoutly wished he were back in Sir Wilfrid's private car. But although it was a stiff stunt, Crate got to Gow Ganda and his letters helped to open up the district and to accelerate development in the camp.

Crate has always been a hard worker, and intensely interested in what he has had in hand. Certain politicians say that he told Hon. A. G. Mackay that the latter was slated to succeed George P. Graham in the local Liberal Opposition, some time before Mr. Mackay had any inkling that it was to become an official fact. As before stated, however, J. S. Crate is now an editor and more cannot be said.

Their Majesties and the Fashions.

ONCE more King Edward has set a new style and given a momentary shock to fashionable men who pride themselves upon wearing only what is absolutely correct at certain times on certain occasions. A soft light colored Homburg hat with a frock coat these arbiters of style do not consider correct, and the London correspondent of The New York Sun notes that when the King at a house party not long ago appeared arrayed after this manner one Sunday the men present gasped with astonishment, but the King can do no wrong, so, of course, they did likewise. The King's frock coat was worn with gray trousers, white waistcoat and black tie, but instead of the requisite top hat so sleek and shiny there was an unpretentious but thoroughly comfortable light gray soft felt Homburg hat. The frock coat had always been crowned by the top hat before, and there are some bold spirits who are still questioning the possibility of changing so absolutely canonical a style. However, in the end the King's custom will be followed. It always is, and the Homburg hat he so favors may usurp the prerogatives of many kinds of headgear. Certainly it is comfortable, and that is a great deal.

The King sometimes startles society by these radical changes in dress, but the Queen never does. She follows convention slavishly as far as wearing things which should be worn together, and she will not have anything to do with fashions which are extreme. Two privileges, however, she reserves to herself. She never changes her style of hair dressing no matter what the prevailing mode may be. For years she has clung to the high coiffure, coils of hair on the top of her head and the fringe which was in vogue when she was young. In her hats, too, she will not conform to prevailing modes. Gainsborough, bell shapes, behives, high crowns, low crowns come and go, but Queen Alexandra wears always the simple toques which suit her delicate features and which are trimmed with plumes in winter and flowers in summer.

The Hard-Hit British Aristocracy.

THE aristocracy of Britain is bemoaning its hard luck these days. The richest land-owners are, of course, fighting hardest against the new budget. The Radical Press makes light of the burdens which the Chancellor of the Exchequer threatens to impose on landed proprietors, but the latter are busy doing what they can to make the measure unpopular.

How severely the British aristocracy would be hit by the proposed death duties and land value taxation may be seen by a few typical examples, points out the London correspondent of the New York Sun.

Lord Clinton has announced that he must sell 6,500 acres in Devonshire to which he succeeded on the death of his uncle, the Hon. Mark Rolle. He intimates that the sale of the property, which includes the family seat of Stevenstone, near Torrington, famous for its resistance to Cromwell's hosts, is necessitated by the heavy estate and succession duties he has to pay.

Lord Onslow, a great landowner in Surrey, is selling a large part of his holding as a precaution, and has marked out 1,740 acres of his estate in lots, varying from half an acre to 336 acres, to be sold at Tokenhouse Yard, the great London real estate market, in July.

Lord de Ramsey the other day told a public audience that if he were killed in an automobile accident that day and his son succeeded to the family properties, he would have to part with, at least, nine of his finest Lincolnshire farms to meet the death duties leviable under the budget.

Lord Egerton, of Tatton, has taken another line. To persons who have made applications for annual subscriptions for various purposes, he has sent a circular letter to the effect that owing to the payments of death duties equivalent to three and a half years' income, he cannot for the present continue his subscriptions.

In twenty years Sir Horace Plunkett has accomplished a great work in reviving and stimulating the agriculture of Ireland. He launched a cooperative movement in 1889 that has built up and now embraces almost a thousand societies all over the Emerald Isle, and doing a business of twelve million dollars a year. In 1899 the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction was created by the British Government and Sir Horace Plunkett was put at its head. He opposes doles and subsidies and insists on instruction that shall enable the people to help themselves. Sir Horace is the younger son of Lord Dunsany, with an ancestry that stretches back in an unbroken line for seven centuries to the earliest days of Anglo-Irish relations. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, and is a Protestant and a Unionist. He is often spoken of as the first of living Irishmen.

Earl Grey, speaking in London at the Dominion Day Banquet, said: "There are some who fear that the large American immigration may stimulate a desire by some people in Canada to be incorporated with the United States. We are told by the newspapers that 80,000 Americans, with 80,000,000 dollars of capital, have come to enrich the Dominion of Canada. We are glad to receive them all. Next year there will probably be a still greater number, and if this year's harvest proves as fertile as those that have preceded it, we will be able to welcome many more."

General Sir Ian Hamilton has been appointed adjutant-General of the British Army and second military member of the army council. Sir Ian joined the army in 1873 and most of his service was with the Gordon Highlanders. About seventeen years ago he created a sensation by declaring publicly that not one British soldier in a hundred knew how to shoot, and the present musketry training is based on his suggestions.

Ernest Nister, of Nuremberg, Bavaria, whose fine art publications are known throughout the world, died recently at Nuremberg. Mr. Nister, who was about sixty years of age, had been in failing health for some time. His genius was recognized officially by the German Government, which created him a Knight of Labor.

Mrs. Cecil Edwardes, whose appearances in grand opera at Covent Garden this season have brought her much praise, is sister-in-law to Lord Kensington. She is a British Columbian; studied under Jean de Reszke; and made her first public appearance as a singer in oratorio.

DELEGATES FROM THE WORLD O'ER HONOR DARWIN'S CENTENARY.
Lord Rayleigh, Chancellor of the University, at the opening of the Darwin centenary celebrations at Cambridge. On left Professor E. R. Lankester, and standing next to him Professor Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute, Paris.

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Women's Tan, Kid and Patent Oxfords, regular $3.50, Sale Price 2.45
Women's Colored Canvas Ties, regular $3.00, Sale Price.... 1.95
A GREAT OPPORTUNITY TO BUY SUMMER SHOES AT A LOW COST.
BLACHFORD, 114 Yonge Street

CHAFING DISHES
are a great comfort at the summer cottage. We have just placed in stock the nicest lot we ever had. Prices run from about $6 to $15.
Wanless & Co.
ESTABLISHED 1840
396 Yonge St., - Toronto

Russian Brass
Worth your while to inspect our magnificent new stock of finely hammered polished Brass Goods—if but to see.
We go direct to the makers—that's why the prices are so appealingly easy and the goods so supremely beautiful.
Take a look at some of these articles next time you're down town:

Trays	Hanging Flower Baskets
Jardinieres	Pitchers
Pin Trays	Loving Cups
Candlesticks	Coal Scuttles
Card Receivers	Fern Dishes

You'll not find an equal to this assortment this side of New York.
Rice, Lewis & Son, Limited
COR. KING AND VICTORIA STS.

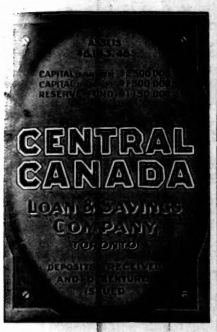
SELECTING INVESTMENTS

Every person with surplus money available for Investment needs to exercise care when making selections suitable to his individual needs.

We mail monthly a list of Bonds and Stocks yielding from 4 to 6 per cent. from which choice can be made.

A copy will be sent regularly upon request.

E. AMES & CO., LTD.
TORONTO - CANADA



"SPECIAL INVESTMENT POLICY"

Assuring the sum of $1,000 in event of death, or a cash return of $1,000 at end of 20 years.

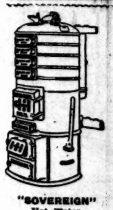
Age	20	25	30	35	40
Premium,	$38.85	$39.50	$40.35	$41.60	$43.45

LIFE DEPARTMENT
ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED
27-29 Wellington St. East.
Phone M. 6000. Toronto.

Chief Office for Canada, Toronto.
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager.

LONDON & LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

IRISH & MAULSON, LIMITED.
Toronto General Agents.



"SOVERREIGN" Hot Water Boiler made by TAYLOR-FORBES Company, Limited, GUELPH

This is the heating apparatus that will add 15 to 20 per cent. more than its entire cost to the value of the house in which it is installed---and pay for itself as well in the coal it saves.

Toronto Office and Showrooms: 1088 King St. West.

DUNLOP

GOLF BALL
"FLIES LIKE THE EAGLE."

The Dunlop "Orange Star" Golf Ball is the identical ball used by professional and amateur players in England and Scotland. The core consists of tightly wound fine elastic thread over which is pressed a shell of hard rubber applied by hydraulic pressure. While the Dunlop Golf Ball flies well, it is a steady ball on the green. For sale by dealers throughout Canada, or direct, on receipt of price, post paid, from The Dunlop Tire and Rubber Goods Company, Limited, Booth Ave., Toronto.

"ORANGE STAR" 50c. "MANOR" A Practice Ball, 35c.

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO MONTREAL

MONTREAL, JULY 19, 1909.

THE excitement which began to develope in Lake of the Woods stocks, at the beginning of last week, affords occasion for comment upon a number of interesting factors in connection with that successful enterprise. Until twenty years ago or so the Lake of the Woods was only known as a portion of Canada lying somewhere between Lake Superior and Winnipeg and its mention used to suggest to our minds, during school days, miles and miles of water and woods with grand possibilities for fishing and shooting on Saturdays, if one could only get there. Subsequently, it appeared on bags of flour and the cook knows of it in that connection only. But to those who have a somewhat more intimate acquaintance with the Lake of the Woods, as a milling concern, and more especially with the personality of the managerial end, it suggests, first and foremost and all the time, Robert Meighen.

⁂

An Interesting Figure.

Much of this column is written from the standpoint of a newspaper man; and from this standpoint it would be hard to call to mind a more interesting, not to say picturesque, individual than that same Robert Meighen. He makes the newspaper men think he entertains something in the nature of a partiality for them, and the newspapermen make him think they entertain something in the nature of a partiality for him. And neither the worthy president of the Lake of the Woods Milling Co. nor the scribes are altogether bluffing, either. Certain it is, if any of the latter have served long on the Board of Trade or business assignments without making the acquaintance of the former, the museum fairly yawns for them. Day by day the veteran miller comes on the Board of Trade, and fun and jokes and gesticulation come along with him. He is a keen old warrior, and whether you cross him in a business deal, a heated argument or in an exchange of repartee or story telling, you are bound to find in him an antagonist worth breaking a lance with. He is Irish by birth and Irish by temperament and if his moustache is white and his beard not of the latest cut, he is no antediluvian specimen when he gets into action.

F. S. MEIGHEN,
Son of Robert Meighen, of Montreal.

It is said that Lake of the Woods stock is being bought by those who intend to in some way alter the policy followed by the management up to the present. The question is, why do they want to alter it? Isn't the company doing pretty well now? I think I'll tell you something right here. I cannot vouch for the exact sum, but, within reasonable limits, the Lake of the Woods Co. has grown out of an actual cash outlay of $375,000. To the best of my knowledge and belief that is the sum they gave Robert Meighen some twenty years ago. To-day, the company's securities total $4,500,000, upon which is paid, each year, $285,000 in interest or dividends. It seems to me that that is giving the investors a pretty good run for their money. All the securities are selling over par—the bonds at about 110, the preferred stock at 125 and the common, recently, at 130.

It is an oft-expressed opinion among newspaper men that Robert Meighen is "straight." The man who is acquainted with the world will understand that that is no mean compliment. The expreienced newspaper romancer can sit opposite the habitual commercial romancer and placidly absorb a balloon full of "hot air" without being put far out of his course. He sympathises to an unusual degree with the scriptural philosopher who said in his heart that all men are liars, so that, when he agrees that a man is "straight" you may put it down that that man is not too bad. Robert Meighen's opportunities to make stock-exchange money out of his position as president of the company have been manifold, but I am inclined to believe a statement he once made that he didn't think it was fair and hence would not do it. In truth, there is little doubt that if the present movement in Lake of the Woods stock indicates an approaching change of control and of policy and management—for Robert Meighen and his board of management will never consent to alter their policy—the change will not be because the policy has not been beneficial to the company but because it has been too beneficial to it. Wherein appears a paradox.

⁂

Old-Time Enemies.

Lake of the Woods and Ogilvies are traditional enemies. The Manitoba flour milling business practically belonged to the latter until the former appeared. It is reasonably accurate to say that the Lake of the Woods has fought the Ogilvie Company to the finish, and, as milling concerns, neither has any more use for the other than a dog has for fleas. In the matter of prices, the Lake of the Woods generally quotes 20c. lower than Ogilvies and prevents the latter getting figures which it otherwise might. At this very moment, I am assured by a miller, flour is selling 80c. per barrel lower than the actual cost of manufacture based on the present price of wheat, and that, if Robert Meighen had only consented to put the price of flour up, all three companies would have added greatly to the already enormous profits of the past year. As for Robert Meighen, he declare that the present price of wheat is not the price of wheat at all, but the price of wind. Since he came back from England a few months ago, he tested the market by selling some wheat at the current quotations. Although the amount sold was inconsiderable, it showed that no one wanted the goods, as the market broke several cents each time a few thousand bushels were put out. So, the president of the Lake of the Woods, declares that the price of flour could not have been put up even if he had consented, and if it could it should not, for the export market would not take it at anything like the figures which the home market would have been compelled to pay. From all this it can easily be seen why the opinion has been so often expressed by market followers that sooner or later a combination productive of harmonious relations would be brought about between the traditional enemies. Hence the re-suspicion that the recent circular offering Lake of the Woods shareholders $125 for their shares, under certain conditions, was from interests which would work in harmony with the Ogilvie company.

Robert Meighen expresses the opinion that the flutter in the market is purely speculative. If, however, it should prove the opposite, and the new control should not work in harmony with the present directorate, the latter would resign. It was rumored the other day that, in the latter case, it would not be long before another milling company would enter the field under the same management as the Lake of the Woods. As the present board of directors includes more than half a dozen millionaires, there would certainly be no lack of funds for the purpose. On the other hand, Robert Meighen, who is a millionaire, and whose son is a millionaire, has no need from a financial standpoint to enter the fray again. He is getting up in years and has other interests to which he might possibly prefer to devote his attentions. As for Frank Meighen, it is hardly likely that he would offer to come forward in the capacity of manager, his tastes being probably in other directions and his experience not being the same as that of Meighen the elder. The latter is watching present developments and it is likely that he will be president of the company as long as he really wants the job.

⁂

TORONTO, JULY 22, 1909.

THE prices of stocks are being marked up on generally favorable conditions, and the bright outlook for business as indicated by the growing crops, but the strange part of it is that the public are not participating. Probably about three-fourths of the transactions on the Stock Exchange is composed of the dealings of boardroom scalpers, many of them cleaning up their business day by day. The apathy of the public with regard to stocks is unaccountable. It is in times of general high prices of produce and staple lines that the bull fever in stocks are rampant. At the present time, however, there is no such feeling with regard to stocks. The commission business is small, few stocks are being carried, and the prevailing opinion is that prices are too high to begin a bull campaign. In spite of this dullness, new high prices are being made. In years gone by it was the custom to sell securities when the grain marketss were strong and advancing, but this principle no longer prevails. For the past year the prices of securities on Wall street have advanced along with the rise in grain in Chicago and the high prices of cotton in New York and New Orleans. Other avenues of speculation and investment have offered, and the dealings in mining securities and real estate may account in a measure for the limited speculation in stocks. The enormous amounts of new flotations may also have had something to do with the restricted dealings in old and well-tried securities.

⁂

Twin City.

A little more life has been injected into Twin City this week, and those who have held on are beginning to feel that they will be well repaid for their patience. This year promises to be even a better one than 1908, which was the banner year in the history of the company. For the first five months of the present year, surplus earnings of the company, over and above all deductions and preferred stock dividends, stood at about $600,000, sufficient to pay the full five months proportion of common stock dividend at the current rate, and still leave a balance of nearly $200,000. The regular dividend of 1¼ per cent., has been declared for the current quarter, payable on August 16, but there are those who anticipate that the next quarter's disbursement will be at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum. The stock shows an advance of only 8 to 9 points from the low price of the year, whilst Toronto Railway has risen 21 and Winnipeg Electric 30 points.

⁂

Change in Trade.

The exports of the United States have been gradually decreasing for a year or two, until the June returns show that exports have now fallen below imports. The latter have continued to increase. This is the first instance in twelve years that the Republic imported from abroad a greater quantity of merchandise than she sent out. The last month fell short of imports to the extent of $7,158,000, the causes being a decline in the outward movement of merchandise to the smallest volume since last August, and an increase in the inward movement to the second largest record of any month during the past two years. The falling off in exports last month was altogether due to the reduced shipments of agricultural products, other kinds of merchandise having increased very substantially over both May and a year ago. The increase in imports resulted in the establishing of a new maximum for the month of June, as well as a record for every month but one of the past two years.

⁂

Large Reserves.

There is a better demand for money for mercantile borrowers, with no changes in the rates. A round amount has been reported on bonds at 4 per cent., but this is exceptional. The near approach of the harvest season when large sums will be required to move the crops, has the tendency to stiffen the market some, but there is no apprehension

HON. WM. GIBSON, President. J. TURNBULL, Vice-President and General Manager.

BANK OF HAMILTON
Head Office, Hamilton, Ont.

Capital Paid-Up - - $2,500,000
Reserve Fund - - - 2,500,000
Total Assets Over Thirty Million Dollars

TORONTO: 34 YONGE ST.

BRANCHES IN THE CITY OF TORONTO
Cor. Yonge and Gould — Cor. Queen and Spadina
Cor. College and Ossington — West Toronto

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED
100 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA

Savings Bank Department at all offices. Interest allowed on deposits of one dollar and upwards at highest current rates, compounded half-yearly. Money may be withdrawn without delay.

We receive Accounts of Corporations, Firms and Individuals on favorable terms and shall be pleased to meet or correspond with those who contemplate making changes or opening new accounts.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA
ESTABLISHED 1874.
Special facilities for
COLLECTIONS
Agents in every Banking Town in Canada and Correspondents throughout the world.
TORONTO OFFICES:
37 King St. East—Broadview and Gerrard—Queen and Pape

NORTHERN CROWN BANK
Capital Paid Up - $2,200,000
Authorized Capital - $6,000,000

The Northern Crown Bank invites you to establish banking relations with it on the strength of its ability to serve you. Courteous treatment, progressive methods, and a careful consideration of your requirements are assured you.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT AT ALL BRANCHES
Toronto Office - - 34 King St. West

DOMINION EXPRESS MONEY ORDERS
Foreign Drafts AND Travellers' Cheques
Issued in the Money of the Country on which drawn
PAYABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD
Toronto Office 48 Yonge St.

$1.00 OPENS AN ACCOUNT IN THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OF $1.00
THE METROPOLITAN BANK
No delay in withdrawal
Capital Paid-up - - - - - $1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits - - - - - $1,277,404.49

ECONOMY

has always been a ruling principle in the management of The Great-West Life Assurance Company.

That it continues to be so is seen in the fact that during the first quarter of 1909, while the business written was largely increased, the cost of securing that business showed a reduction of 10.04 per cent. on the very favorable figures for the corresponding period of last year.

Those contemplating Life Insurance will see the importance of considering this feature of ECONOMY in choosing the Company to which to entrust their protection.

Ask for particulars of the many attractive Policies issued by

The Great-West Life Assurance Company
Head Office: WINNIPEG
Ontario Office 18 Toronto St., TORONTO

WE OFFER

DOMINION COAL 5's
ELECTRICAL DEVELOPMENT 5's
HAMILTON CATARACT 5's
JAMAICA POWER 5's
PENMAN'S LIMITED 5's
SHAWINIGAN POWER 5's
TORONTO YORK & RADIAL 5's
WINNIPEG ELECTRIC 5's

All at attractive prices. Full particulars upon request. Orders may be telegraphed at our expense.

W. GRAHAM BROWNE & CO.
Dealers in High Grade Bonds
MONTREAL

Imperial Bank of Canada

DIVIDEND NO. 76.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Eleven Per Cent. (11 per cent.) per annum upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the three months ending 31st July, 1909, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after the 2nd day of August next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st July, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

D. R. WILKIE,
General Manager.

Toronto, Ont., June 16th, 1909.

By Royal Warrant

to His Majesty the King

G·H·MUMM & CO

EXTRA DRY

The most exquisite dry champagne imported.

SELECTED BRUT

A superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.

There is probably not a club in the world where men of taste gather where the name of G. H. MUMM & Co. is not a synonym for the best champagne that can be had.

Royal warrants have been granted to Messrs. G. H. MUMM & CO. by

His Majesty King Edward VII.
His Majesty The German Emperor.
His Majesty The Emperor of Austria.
His Majesty The King of Italy.
His Majesty The King of Sweden.
His Majesty The King of Denmark.
His Majesty The King of the Belgians.
His Majesty The King of Spain.

The quality goes in before the name goes on.

BREDIN'S

HOME-MADE

BREAD

Every ounce of every loaf spells "quality."

Wholesome and nutritious quality.

A tasty, appetizing bread satisfying from first cut to "heel."

"Hail" a Bredin waggon for a trial loaf.

5 cents.

Bredin's Bake Shops, 160,164 Avenue road (phone College 761), and Bloor and Dundas streets (phone Parkdale 1585).

COSGRAVE'S

The Porter for Your Family

No expense has been spared in its manufacture.

When you order Cosgrave's XXX Porter you get the finest.

of dear money the coming autumn. Canadian banks have $116,000,000 in call loans in New York and London, and this with other large reserves, makes it tolerably certain that there will be enough funds to supply all legitimate requirements at home without the necessity of resorting to any extreme measures of liquidating loans. The Bank of England is unusually strong on reserves just now. They amount to 52.24 per cent. of liabilities. This compares with the very high average of 48.01 per cent. for the past nine years, and we have to go back to the period of abnormally easy money following the panic of 1893 for parallel figures. The bank's position, in fact, is embarrassingly strong in the present state of the money market. The New York banks are lending $81,000,000 more than a year ago, with $77,500,000 more deposits. They hold $1,200,000 more in lawful money reserve with the greater liability through increased deposits, causing $18,000,000 less surplus, but $33,000,000 is a comfortable excess of reserve at mid-July, as crop-moving looms up. Two years ago there were but $9,000,000 surplus at this time, prior to the panic.

***

Trade Expansion.

The June statement of Canadian banks reflects greater activity in trade in this country. There was an expansion in loans and discounts during June of $10,000,000, while the call loans of our banks outside Canada were reduced by $11,000,000. This is an indication that our banks are preparing for the grain movement, which is likely to be heavy. There was an increase of $1,500,000 in note circulation, but the total outstanding is only $70,170,000, leaving the banks fully $27,000,000 more note issues before they reach the legal limit. Deposits for the month of June increased over $12,000,000, and the total is now about $751,000,000. Total loans and discounts aggregate $736,000,000, of which $168,000,000 are on call, and over $115,000,000 held outside the country.

Becoming a Land Owner

A Symposium on Western Speculation.
By W. LACEY AMY.

THE smallest village in that great tract of land beyond Winnipeg that thinks and sleeps and eats in bushels and quarter-sections is made up of one railway station, one general store, one to ten elevators, one post-office and six real estate men. The six are professionals; the station agent, the merchant, the grain buyers, the postmaster are nominally what they are called in Dun's, but really dispensers of lots.

To be a real estate agent the Westerner doesn't need an office, nor a space in the local paper. His only requirements are a peck of blue prints, unlimited talk, an automobile and a speaking acquaintance with facts or appearances. He possesses an optimism that would make an Easterner smile in the East, but that in the West is infectious—or contagious, or catching—at least you get it into your system out there anyway. He can buy an automobile on credit, and usually pay for it the first month, if pressed. He may have had no more experience in selling real estate than the ordinary street car traveller has in sitting down, but he gets heaps of it the first day. After that the other man gets the experiences. It requires only about one day of good business to put the Western real estate agent on to all the tricks of the trade, with the addition of a few applications of tricks learned in other trades. He is gifted with a flow of language that will transform a lot in a slough into a Venetian Grand Canaler. He can pick out a hillside location with a slope like the Broad Way and make you purchase it for a bowling green. He is an amphibious animal—land and water lots are the same to him.

One of the favorite yarns in the fruit district of British Columbia tells of a boat on the Arrow Lakes picking up a man who was struggling in the water. "Darn it," he said, as he stamped the water out of his boots, "That's the third time this morning I've fallen out of my orchard."

The Western real estate agent is about the biggest thing in town. Anything that takes precedence to him must have owned the original townsite or be the author of the town's publicity literature. He belongs to all the clubs in town, is manager of the local baseball team and at every banquet has something novel and nice to say about the town that bring salvos of applause. For fertile imagination in this respect he shows all the earmarks of the great story writers. He can commit larceny on the yarn that drew the first locater and make it produce the enthusiasm of a discovery. He can run for mayor and secure the arm-chair by acclamation; or he can remain in civic seclusion and control affairs from his office.

With such an omniscient, amphibious, ambidextrous fellow, what chance has the poor tourist? In the East every man is on to his job. In the West the real estate man is on to everybody else's job to make his own a success. As a general educator a university course is an "also ran" to real estate.

When a half page advertisement for Western property appears in the big Toronto dailies, the logical conclusion is not always the proper one. Logic is the strong point in the agent's arguments. His conclusions are absolutely according to rule—but you can't always accept his premises as axioms. He argues thusly: This is the best bit of land in this district; this district grows the best wheat in the West—therefore, this bit of land is the best investment (he means speculation) in the Canadian West. Q.E.D. very much. Accepting the premises the conclusion is perfect—but both premises may be subject to doubt from the fact that they remain constant with any change of post office address.

Or the argument presented may be: There are already three charters granted for railways through this townsite; if the Great Northern enters Canada it is sure to come here—therefore property will go up 500 per cent. in one year. Which may not be perfect logic, a la Professor Tracy, but it looks like it—and sells the property, which is also Q.E.D.

Anyway those half-page ads. or the want ads.—ten words for ten cents—of fifty bushels to the acre, do the trick. The trick in this case is getting the Easterner to go out West with a three months' ticket and an eye for speculation. When the tourist goes West all else, including himself, is easy. That's why it isn't safe to trust him with a check book during his period of migration.

When he arrives at the station—any station in the West—the most frankly friendly man on the platform is our friend the real estate agent. He has all the ingratiating devices of the confidence man, and has the protection of the law. Worse than that he may have the railway behind him, for it has acres to sell, and really sets the standard of prices for the West. There are three methods of introduction to the land dispenser. You may have met him via the ad. you read in the paper; you may be introduced to him by a friend (?), or he may introduce himself to you before you have read the name of the station sign. Failing the first two the last is sure to happen—but the friend (?) usually figures in the transaction. A rake-off of two per cent. is not to be despised, and then it gives the agent so much added influence to be recommended by a friend (?). It isn't generally known that any friend will recommend any real estate agent in the West—that's part of the organization.

The first step toward the signing of the check that represents the first payment is a visit to the club. Every Western town has a club—largely for such purposes. A visit to the club is just as necessary a detail in the transaction of all business, as the proper political inclination is to Government appointment. If you won't go to the club the agent breaks out in perspiration. He has to revise all his rules of procedure. But then, of course you go to the club, and you're glad you went before you sit down. Everybody's glad to see you and the hassock is put under your feet, the cushion behind your back, the glass in your hand—and all kinds of foolishness in your head. You feel like a sultan, just as important, just as comfy, and just as irresponsible. In the meantime the real estate agent is watching you anxiously; but when that luxurious, satisfied feeling comes over you he brightens up and goes out and orders a new suit on the strength of it.

Then the automobile drives up to the door with an imposing whirr of machinery and you are led off by the agent and the publicity commissioner or the president of the board of trade. If some prominent official of the town is not with you you may know that they are all formally engaged in the real estate business themselves and therefore obstructions to the sale of that particular lot or quarter-section which the agent has decided to dispose of to you.

That's one interesting part of the deal—that the agent decides for you what you are to buy, and the desirability of the location is in direct proportion to his idea of your business acumen. A year from the time you may purchase in the West you can figure out to inches how imposing your presence is. As a criterion of that it beats the extent of your notices in the society column or your ability to escape on suspended sentence. A Toronto friend of mine went West and delightedly described his purchase of a town lot "right next to where a big department store is to be built, and on the main street, at such a bargain." He has since discovered that the lot is under water most of the spring and has about as much chance of rubbing against a Western Eaton as many Toronto people have of meeting the second payment on their automobiles. Since his discovery he has taken to growing a beard and studying the portraits of great men. Next time he goes West he will make his fortune.

Well, to follow that automobile—which would be difficult on account of the speed which is necessary to bring a sub-division within the orthodox ten minutes distance of the city hall. You go by way of the best streets and at last pull up beside a lot seemingly equi-distant at first glance from the nearest houses and the horizon. But then next door the real estate agent is going to build a house for himself. That helps some. And a row of houses is going to go up across the street, which at present is designated only by little pegs driven in the ground and numbered in a manner which makes the agent's knowledge most impressive. And then all the way out you have been shown lots that made fortunes and sold "only the other day" for sums that make it certain there is money in yours (he is already calling it yours and it does not sound odd to you.) It looks logical, without an examination of the premises.

Then the trip back starts. Examples of fortunate speculation pile up on you so fast that you can think of no other chance. A few minutes later you are at the club again and the agent leaves you to the mercies of the frequenters. You are still the sultan, and you listen to the most casual conversation among the men around you of the profit Smith made on that corner lot, the price lot 12, in block B, is being held at, the new manufacturer that is coming, the crop Jones had last year, ad infinitum. By the time you have pictured the new ring your wife was wanting, a duplicate of the automobile you have just ridden in and a summer residence on the Georgian Bay, your real estate friend is back with the agreement of sale and a blank check for every known bank. In a bewildered fluff of encouraging smiles, clink of glasses, dreams of opulence and congratulations, you sign both.

Five minutes afterwards the club is deserted. Business resumes its natural course—the next train is not due for several hours.

From several years' experience the following suggestions are offered as rules that might profitably govern the tourist:

RULES FOR SPECULATIVELY-INCLINED TOURISTS.

1. Don't read the real estate advertisements.
2. Don't go West when you have read them. It is only due the West to say that these rules are much in the nature of advice never to ride behind a horse if you want to avoid runaways.
3. Every tourist should be declared incapable by legislation.
4. Instructions should be given your bank never to honor checks signed in the West, until the signer verifies them upon his return to the East.
5. Don't believe all you hear. Words acquire different meanings west of Port Arthur.
6. The real estate business should be in the gift of the Government. Only Government favorites should make money that easy.
7. Automobiles should be sold for cash only. It would prevent misunderstandings both here and in the West.
8. Always settle sufficient upon your wife before you go West, to keep her from want.
9. There is a difference between paper and cash profits. That is, holding a $300 lot at $1,000 won't purchase a $700 diamond ring.
10. A smiling face is not a sure sign of a friend.
11. There is no need to carry a check book in the West. Any real estate agent carries them with his pipe.
12. At least get all the drinks you can when you're at the club.
13. Never stop off at any town unless you are going to buy, or are deaf and dumb and can't read.
14. Divvy up what these rules save you.

NATURAL LAXATIVE

Hunyadi János

MINERAL WATER

Nature's own way of cleansing the body is most simple. She provides a pure and wholesome Mineral Water as a laxative and health tonic. Keep yourself in healthy condition by drinking half a glass on arising in the morning.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

(In connection with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R.)

$11 FROM SUSPENSION BRIDGE TO

Atlantic City

Cape May

WILDWOOD, SEA ISLE CITY, or OCEAN CITY ANGLESEA, HOLLY BEACH, or AVALON, N. J.

August 6, 24, September 3, 1909

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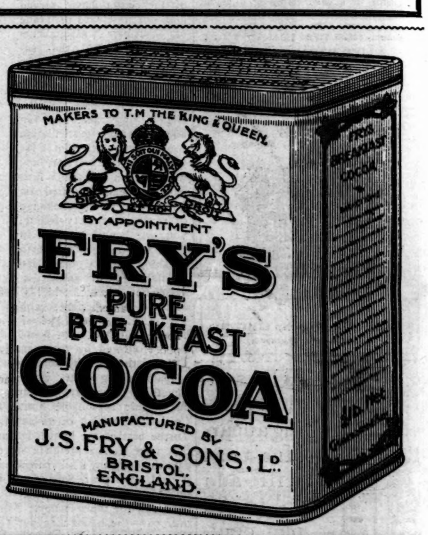

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LONDON LETTER

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

LONDON, JULY 10, 1909.

THE one thing that London cannot do for the pleasure and profit of her thousands during the summer is to regulate the weather for their benefit, as well as for that of the few millions of English people interested. Of what use is it to say to the grumbling Canadians: "Last summer was simply beautiful. We had record weather." They gaze at you sadly, and if they are inclined to be slangy will say most likely: "Show me!" which is what you are quite unable to do.

The town seems full of Canadians now. The list of guests at the Dominiin Day dinner gave one an idea of the number visiting London. Beginning with Earl Grey, who made a splendid speech at the dinner, one passes from Cabinet Ministers, Hon. W. S. Fielding, Hon. A. B. Aylesworth, Hon. Frank, Oliver, to the leader of the Opposition, Mr. R. L. Borden, and down a long list of prominent Canadians. Among these was Sir Percy Girouard, who is now Governor of East Africa, and being made much of in London. Colonel Sherwood, of Ottawa, was present; Dr. H. T. Bovey, late of McGill University; Mr. Granville C. Cunningham, formerly of Montreal; the Hon. W. J. Bowser, Attorney-General for British Columbia; President R. A. Falconer, of Toronto University; Mr. Donald McMaster, Dr. Osler, Dr. G. R. Parkin, and hosts of others. Chief among the guests who sat at meat at the head table, with Lord Strathcona and other great people was Lieut. Shackleton, who had with whom one of his adjutants in the South Pole Expedition, Lieutenant Adams.

Lieutenant Shackleton, Heaven be praised, is as unspoiled as if he had never heard of the South Pole. Of course, one would take for granted that he was not the kind of man to suffer from "swelled head," else he never would have been chosen for the task, but it is refreshing to know that he is boyishly amused over being a lion. In refusing an invitation from a ladies club, on account of previous engagements, he said: "I'd like awfully to come after the summer is over, but you see, perhaps they wouldn't care so much about having me then!"

He jokingly tells people that it is a world of contrasts, when four months ago the members of the expedition were badly off for food, and now! . . . The young leader is being feited everywhere, and between opening exhibitions, going to dinners, lecturing, being given the freedom of places, and all the rest of it, one wonders how he ever gets time to write the book which is to appear in November.

Canadians have a certain interest in Lieut. Shackleton—a direct interest I mean—for his sister, Miss Eleanor Shackleton, is living in Winnipeg. She is a nurse of great ability, and is, I believe, much interested in the new Children's Hospital in Winnipeg.

* * *

A PRETTY Canadian girl has been unburdening her mind to this person on the subject of writing notes. Be it known that the writing of notes is a serious matter over here, and the average visitor from the "other side" does not realize quite how important. With us the telephone takes the place of the pen and the dainty sheet of note paper. It saves a lot of trouble. Here the telephone is not in such general use. Everyone writes notes, and to delay writing the proper note or answering one is a great breach of good manners. It is a correct thing to answer a note by return of post, and the postage and time consumed is an important item. Someone writes to tell you the address of a milliner, someone else to say she has heard from Mrs.-So-and-So, someone else to say she hopes your cold is better. You answer all these, and write to ask for Mrs. Somebody else's cold, and to pass on some information to another friend, and to ask a third if she would like your ticket for the concert on the fifth.

"I hope you won't think me rude," said a London woman the other day, "but why is it that Canadians and Americans are so remiss about answering notes? It often causes a great deal of inconvenience in a place like London, where one has many engagements, and fresh things are happening all the time. Now, I wrote to your friend Miss Smith, on Friday morning and asked her to have tea with me on Monday afternoon. In the meantime I received an invitation to meet some very charming people on Monday, but could not accept on Saturday, when I got the invitation, on account of not hearing from Miss Smith. She did not answer at all, but on Monday, when I felt obliged to remain in, although several tempting invitations had come in the meantime to do various things, she arrived.

"'I'm afraid I'm very naughty,' she said smilingly, 'for not letting you know I was coming, but when I looked at your note this morning (and it was sent on Friday morning!) I decided I could be here almost as soon as the note, so I did not answer it?"

One Canadian girl said she walked about with her pen in her hand during her stay in London, for fear of not replying promptly enough to all her notes. She made up for it by not writing to any of her friends here for weeks after she went back.

"The strain was to great," she wrote plaintively, "and I knew all the Canadian friends would understand and forgive me."

* * *

ONE of the chief subjects of conversation in London is the terrible murder of Sir Curzon Wylie, by the young Indian student, Dhingra. It is well known that many of the Indians in England hold meetings and distribute literature encouraging bitterness against the British Government, and the worst of feeling prevails, but to judge by results nothing can be done until some terrible tragedy occurs. From his safe retreat in Paris, Krishnavarma encourages murder, which he calls by the more euphomius name of "the application of physical force against the oppressive alien rulers of India," and no one can touch him. The general public believes that something should be done, but it seems as if this were harder than it appears. One wonders, meeting the dark-skinned, gold-spectacled young men in the neighborhood of the Temple, or on Gower street, how many of their impassive, rather melancholy, faces, are masks to cover the most terrible thoughts and plans. At present, England has need to pray to be delivered from "sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion." Nothing, however, will bring back the dead man to the widow bereaved with so fearful a suddenness.

The crime has attracted attention to all Indians in London, and naturally all are suspected by the general public of being criminals in intent, at least. Yesterday, a young Indian student in an underground train was smoking in what was not a smoking compartment. Nobody objected.

"My dear, they wouldn't have dared to," said an old lady afterwards. "He might have shot or stabbed some one of the passengers if they had interfered." The young man may have been quite guiltless, except in the matter of manners, but how is the G. P. to know that?

M. E. MACL.M.

Sir Charles Rivers Wilson.

THERE have been, at least, seven really dramatic moments in the history of Anglo-Canadian finance (says the Canadian Gazette, of London, Eng.) One of them gave Canada, for weal or woe, her State-owned railway, the Intercolonial. Another dramatic moment set the Canadian Pacific Railway Company upon the road of financial rectitude, as interpreted by British standards, and of prosperity. And among the other dramatic moments must be placed that which drove Sir Henry Tyler from the presidency of the Grand Trunk Railway Company to make way for Sir Charles Rivers Wilson. That was in 1895; and Grand Trunk shareholders and the Canadian travelling and trading public know how to appreciate the benefits accruing to them in the succeeding years. And it is under the stimulus of these later successes that the Grand Trunk is moving forward to the conquest of new fields through the instrumentality of its Grand Trunk Pacific enterprise. Born in London in 1831, Sir Charles Rivers Wilson was educated at Eton and Balliol and began business life as a clerk in the Treasury Department of the British Civil Service. For five years he was private secretary to the Earl of Beaconsfield, and subsequently became Comptroller-General of the Office for the Reduction of the National Debt and Finance Minister of Egypt. His wife, whom he married in 1895, was the Hon. Beatrice Violet Mary Mostyn, sister of the seventh Baron Vaux, of Harrowden. In addition to his presidency of the Grand Trunk, Sir Charles is a director of the Alliance Assurance Company, Limited; chairman of the British Electric Traction Company, Limited; director of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company, and chairman of the International Syndicate, Limited.

The first member of the Jewish community to become a British Cabinet Minister is the Right Hon. Herbert L. Samuel, who was promoted from Under Secretary of State for Home Affairs to the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster on the retirement of the aged Lord Fitzmaurice. The chancellorship carries with it Cabinet rank and a salary of $10,000. Mr. Samuel is the son of a Jewish banker of Liverpool. Of course (says a London journalist), men of Jewish antecedents have been Ministers, such as Benjamin Disraeli, afterward Lord Beaconsfield, but they were not members of the Jewish faith. Jews have, however, taken high positions in Parliamentary life. The late Lord Pirbright, formerly Henry de Worms, was under Secretary for the Colonies, but was not in the Cabinet. The late Sir George Jessel was a law officer of the Crown, and Sir Francis Henry Goldsmid, who was the first Jewish barrister and the first Jewish Queen's Counsel, was Member of Parliament for twenty-eight years for Reading, Berkshire, a constituency now represented by his co-religionist, Rufus Isaacs, K.C., who is one of the ablest lawyers in England to-day.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

WHILE there are apparently a good many people forsaking town and hieing away to gay or primitive spots, still the taxis are buzzing around, and the tallyhos are filled with gaily-dressed tourists eagerly taking in all the valuable information that goes with the price of the trip. Yonge street, between Queen street and the wharves, are filled with an arriving and leaving crowd. Picture post cards and souvenir displays are eagerly pounced upon, and the bargains that are totted down the street make the heart of the finder glad, even though the other people on the street may not feel so joyous over being prodded by eighty-seven-cent parasols, sticking out from bulging parcels. In the evenings, the stay-at-home people sally forth to water-front and park, all the al fresco dining places are greatly patronized, Hunt Club members make for Kingston road, the R.C.Y.C. launch is filled to overflowing, and the club house presents a very pretty sight as the sun goes down, the cannon booms, and the flag is lowered. Motors line the entrances to the King Edward, Prince George and McConkey's. Prettily dressed women with escorts, descend, and the dining-rooms are filled with bright crowds, laughing and chatting; the stranger within the town thinks that Toronto is a most attractive summer place, barring the fact of narrow down-town streets, not overly clean.

At Kingston recently, the marriage took place at the family residence of Miss Grace Louise Connor, M.A., daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Connor, and Mr. William Walker Swanson, M.A., Ph. D., Professor of Political Science in Queen's University. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Mackie, assisted by Rev. Dr. Swanson, of Lima, Ohio, brother of the groom. The bridegroom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Swanson, Oshawa.

MISS FIELDING,
Daughter of Hon. W. S. Fielding, wearing the gown in which she recently appeared at Court.

The E. R. Thomas Motor Company are giving a banquet at the Buffalo Club on Tuesday evening, July 27.

At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Hutton, 28 Ellen street, Berlin, Tuesday, July 20, a quiet wedding was celebrated, when their eldest daughter, Bessie, became the wife of Mr. J. Mortimer Walker, of Waterloo. The Rev. S. E. Marshall, of Trinity church, performed the ceremony, and only relatives were present. The bride wore her travelling suit of blue rajah silk, with hat en suite, and carried a boquet of bride's roses. The only attendant was little Elizabeth Staebler, the three year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Staebler, who as flower girl carried a dainty little basket of flowers containing the wedding ring. The bride's sister, Miss Jean Hulton, played "Lohengrin's Wedding March" as the bride entered the drawing-room and "Melody of Love" during the ceremony. Dejeuner was served in the dining-room, which had been prettily decorated for the occasion with roses and carnations. Later in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Walker left for the Muskoka Lakes.

Mrs. Garbox, Master Hugh and the Misses Bogart, of Dovercourt Road, are spending a month on Canandaigua Lake, N.Y.

The Misses Harvey, of Ottawa, are visiting Miss Alley in Spadina Ave.

Dr. Herbert Bruce has sailed for France. Dr. McPhedran has also sailed for Europe to attend the meeting of the International Congress of Medicine at Budapest.

Mr. and Mrs. James Saulter, of 181 Walmer Road, are enjoying a visit from their son, Mr. David Saulter, of California, formerly of Cripple Creek.

Miss Agnes Ramsay, of Perthshire, Scotland, is visiting Mrs. T. F. Robertson, of Hepburne Street.

At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. Henry Brooks, Plainville, Ont., on Wednesday afternoon at five o'clock a pretty wedding was celebrated when their eldest daughter, Miss Sarah, was married to Mr. John Perkin, of Fairfax, Man. On account of recent bereavement, the marriage was very quiet, and the bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of white silk with veil and coronet of white rosebuds, and the groom's gift a pearl sunburst; she carried white lilies. Miss Maude Brooks assisted her sister, wearing a pretty frock of cream, and carried pink roses. Mr. John Waldon, of Gore's Landing, was best man. To the bridesmaid the groom gave a pearl sunburst and to the groomsman a watch fob. Mrs. Arthur Machlin, sister of Mr. Perkin, played the wedding march, and the Rev. F. Johnston, Colborne, performed the ceremony.

The rumors that have been spread about Dwight, a charming spot on Lake of Bays, are altogether unfounded, and a clean bill of health has been given. The perfect air and restful primitive village have attracted some well known town people, who are summering at the Goulkie House, among them being Mrs. Overton Macdonald, Mrs. Kennedy McIlwraith and son of Avenue Road.

The Misses Evans, of Liverpool, England, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Lamb for the summer months.

Mr. W. A. Cockburn's cottage, Chautauqua Park, Niagara-on-the-Lake, artistically festooned with ferns and evergreens, lighted with Chinese lanterns, as also the surrounding grounds, was the centre of attraction on Saturday evening for young and old, the occasion being a concert in aid of the "Fresh Air Fund," which was arranged by Helen and Emily Cockburn, Grace and Agatha Leonard, Shirley Hamilton and Francis Warren, who were assisted by Betty Grove, Dorothy Bull, Helen Benness, Murray and Stuart Sturrock, and Donald Hamilton. The chairman, Mr. Hamilton, by his genial and humorous manner, put the children at ease and added much to the success of the entertainment. At the close refreshments were served by the children, assisted by Miss Leonard and Miss Clark. Mr. Cockburn, in a short bright speech thanked the cottagers for their attendance and the aid they had given the children in their undertaking, and with the knowledge that their efforts would bring gladness and perhaps health to some poor children in the hot city.

Some of the gentlemen spending the week-end with their families at Niagara-on-the-Lake were Mr. Sturrock, Mr. Hall, Mr. Peake, Mr. Smoke, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Benness, Mr. Leonard, Mr. Minnehan.

Professor and Mrs. James Mackenzie are at Prince Edward Island for the summer.

On Monday evening the Argonaut Rowing Club held their usual fortnightly dance, which was a very jolly affair, with a large attendance and a delightful programme. Among those present were Mrs. James Gouinlock in a white lingerie frock and black hat trimmed with turquoise blue; Miss Nora Gouinlock, blue linen and blue hat with lilacs; Mrs. Quigley in a very handsome gown and hat; Miss Mona Murray, blue flowered muslin and lace; Miss Marjorie Murray, Dresden silk with touches of blue and black hat wreathed with blue feathers; Miss Frances Webster, flowered muslin and lace; Miss Freda Taylor, pale green and small hat with pink feathers; Miss Marjorie Malcolm, pale green muslin and leghorn hat with pink roses; Miss Ellen Merritt, pink dotted mull with net sleeves and small black hat; Miss Beryl Dennis, linen costume and black hat; Miss Mamie Holstein, white lingerie over pink, with leghorn hat and pink satin bows; Miss Gladys Bilton, wisteria linen and black sailor hat; Miss Marie Mitchell, white dress and tuscan hat faced with black and black satin ribbon. Some others were the Misses Sheppard, Tyler, Case, Sweeny, Pinkerton, McRoberts, Stitt, Seitz, O'Leary, Tolchard, Benan, Coste, Bellingham, Halgate, Kane, Brayley, Crawford and Miss Summers of Chicago; Messrs. R. J. Burns, G. E. Crawford, R. Quigley, N. B. Jackes, L. H. Searle, W. Appleyard, F. Sherriff, J. A. Thomson, S. Duggan, V. T. Groggin, P. Jolliffe, W. S. Pate, L. McLaughlin, G. Shaver, Frank McKay, J. S. Webster, F. Case, G. D. E. Lamont, C. P. Miller, J. M. Gouinlock, F. Fulton, G. Fleming, O. Smiley, A. W. Bixel, Strathroy, J. Cosgrave and J. L. Bigley were some of the men.

The Hiawatha Club is giving its annual Bazar in aid of the Fresh Air Fund on Saturday, July 24, on Oriole avenue, Centre Island, from 3 to 10 o'clock. A substantial menu has been prepared for the High Tea, for which 25 cents is being charged. "There will also be a sale of fancy articles and other attractions. An excellent orchestra will be in attendance. It is hoped that all interested in this work will make an effort to be present.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren and family are occupying their cottage at Niagara-on-the-Lake for the first time in a number of seasons.

Professor and Mrs. McGregor Young and little Jeanie are at Inch Arran Hotel, Dalhousie, N.B. Mrs. Loundsborough is also at the Inch Arran Hotel. Mrs. and the Misses Webber and Mr. and the Misses Acton Burrows are among Torontonians at the Inch Arran.

The following guests from Toronto are at The Royal Muskoka Hotel: Miss O. Mark, Miss M. Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. J. Fraser Macdonald, Master Fraser Macdonald, E. S. Glassco.

Miss Lillian Rush, of Peterboro, is the guest of Mrs. Frank McLean Spry, Oaklands avenue.

The Misses Hamilton have gone to spend a few weeks at Lily Dale, N.Y., and will afterwards visit their parents, Rev. J. Hamilton and Mrs. Hamilton, Lindsay.

The last occasion on which a Turkish padishah left his dominions was in 1867, when Abdul Aziz visited the Paris International Exposition as the guest of Napoleon III. and of Empress Eugenie at the Tuileries, afterward proceeding to England. He was received at Dover by the Prince of Wales, now Edward VII., was lodged at Buckingham Palace, entertained by the Lord Mayor of London at a banquet given in his honor at the Guildhall, was presented with the freedom of the city, and visited Queen Victoria at Windsor, the queen, in obedience to the laws of etiquette, offering her cheek to be kissed. He returned to his dominions, stopping at Vienna on the way, where he was magnificently entertained by Emperor Francis Joseph. Prussia was not considered of sufficient importance in those days to warrant his visiting the court of Berlin. But it would be difficult to conceive of Mehemed V. omitting Berlin from his itinerary this fall. Indeed, it is probable that his first visit will be to the Kaiser.

Preparations for the Gladstone centenary, on December 29, have already been commenced by the Young Liberals' League in London.

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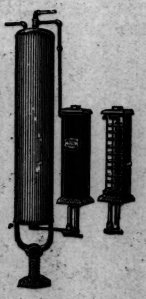
HEATING WATER IN SUMMER TIME



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By its use you can get hot water for the bath, sink, or any purpose in a few minutes, without having to use the coal range.

The Jewel Gas Water Heater raises water from 70 to 120 degrees in four minutes, showing wonderful efficiency. It is altogether the most efficient and economical Water Heater on the market.

The cost is trifling, while the convenience is inestimable.

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187 YONGE STREET
Gas and Electric Fixtures

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

WILLIAM LE QUEUX'S second war-scare book, "Spies of the Kaiser," has just been published in country by the Macmillan Company of Canada. Mr. Le Queux is inced that England is in danger asion by the Germans at no distate, and some time ago in his e, "The Invasion of 1910," he l the British people of the cerof this impending disaster unly awoke to the reality of their and turned all their energies s averting it. This startling st, made in the form of fiction, a sensation and raised a storm pproval in official circles. Now Mr. Le Queux has issued another ng, also through the medium ction. Five thousand agents of the German Secret Police, he asserts his preface, are scattered throughout England and Scotland plotting "with feverish activity" the downfall of Britain. The author says he has investigated the methods of these spies, and is in possesion of documents to prove the seriousness of the situation, the facts of which he seeks to make known in his present volume.

MR. WILLIAM LE QUEUX, Whose book, "Spies of the Kaiser," has been the subject of questions in the German Reichstag with a view to its suppression.

Mr. Le Queux notes that he is an Englishman and a patriot. It is easy to believe him. He is apparently quite sincere. But "Spies of the Kaiser" is too extravagant merely as fiction to be convincing to intelligent readers. There are German spies in England no doubt, but surely they do not overrun the whole country, as Mr. Le Queux would have us believe, and surely they are not such murderous hell-hounds as he pictures them. To accept the charges of the book in anything like a literal sense is to believe the members of the German Government to be barbarians and the members of the British Government to be fools. If Mr. Le Queux possessed the skill of a Conan Doyle he might have made England and the Empire sit up indeed. But while he has tried to make a Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson of his two investigators, Ray and Jack, he has only succeeded in introducing them in a series of fantastic adventures, most of which are much too impossible to be either thrilling or seriously suggestive. These characters, Ray and Jack, and their confederate Vera, are not the sort of people to beard terrible German spies in their dens and outwit them at all points. They haven't the right sort of names for that kind of work. It isn't convincing, either, to have Jack, who at the beginning of the tale is the Dr. Watson, without—to use the phrase of the Toronto Telegram in denouncing the City Council—"the seeing eye and the understanding head," become the Sherlock Holmes of the final chapters.

* * *

The Bellman, a high-class weekly journal published in Minneapolis, has just presented its readers with an illustrated poem to which is attached a remarkably interesting story. In 1888 there appeared in London, England, a periodical called The Universal Review. Its aims were high, but its life was short. Some time before it ceased publication, in 1890, there was submitted to its editors a poem entitled "The Death of St. Edmund," by Professor Walter W. Skeat, who has been professor of Anglo-Saxon at Cambridge University since 1878, and who is now perhaps the greatest living authority on the English language. The poem was sent for illustration to a young artist, since grown famous, Laurence Housman. Mr. Housman did the drawings and sent them to the editors. Then The Universal Review died and poem and pictures were lost sight of. Recently the drawings fell into the hands of a Mr. Edmund Brooks, who carries on a high-class trade in books and literary curios in Minneapolis, ranging far afield for his wares. The Bellman was shown the pictures, and purchased them on their artistic merits without knowing anything about their significance. Later they were sent to The Bellman's London correspondent, Mr. Perry Robinson, with the request that he investigate their origin. They were submitted to Mr. Housman, who, to his astonishment, recognized them as his own work. He also recalled the fact that the poem which he had been commissioned to illustrate was by Professor Skeat. The latter was then made acquainted with the discovery and asked if he could bring the poem itself to light. This he was able to do, for he keeps a copy of everything he writes. And so the Minneapolis weekly was able on July 10 to publish the poem illustrated with the original drawings. The Bellman is very justly pleased and proud of this achievement, and concludes an editorial article on the subject by saying: "The chain of circumstances which brought these drawings from their far distant origin to The Bellman office, after a lapse of two decades, together with the tracing of them to their source and the unearthing of the forgotten poem, surely make a story almost as strange as any in literature. The noble quality of the poem and the beauty of the drawings speak for themselves."

The poem is, indeed, as The Bellman asserts, of "noble quality." But it must be admitted that it is interesting chiefly as a piece of literary bric-a-brac. It was written when alliteration, apt or otherwise, was still the fashion in rhyming, and even at the time Mr. Housman was not blind to what we would now consider the humors of this rather over-tremendous poem. This will be seen from his note, which appears with the poem in The Bellman, and which is so interesting, not only as a reminiscence but as an artist's confession of faith, that it is here reproduced in full:

It is more than seventeen years since I made these drawings, and they have, so far as I know, never been published. They were done before I found my way to pen and ink as a medium for illustration, and before my work had come under any influence outside the routine of my training at the National Art Schools in South Kensington.

They were illustrations, made for The Universal Review, to a poem by Professor Skeat, "The Death of St. Edmund," written in the alliterative unrhymed metre of "Piers Ploughman." The only line of the poem I can now remember was one which told how, in a land devastated by war, "greedy wolves grinned at the groans of the dying." This was "Gr-r-r-r!" with a vengeance, and I believe I took a mischievous pleasure in illustrating it with a small tail-piece.

The larger of these drawings represents an emissary of the Danes demanding submission and tribute from King Edmund: the other shows the sudden invasion of his palace, leading to his capture and martyrdom. The series was completed by a third composition, the first elaborate landscape that I ever attempted, representing the Saint's martyrdom, and it was, if my memory does not mislead me, the best of the three drawings.

It was my custom then, as it has been ever since, to draw entirely without models, drapery-studies, or back-grounds; for I found that what I gained in accuracy or archaeological correctness by such aids was badly compensated for by loss of spirit and unity of intention. Having tried with due diligence to combine simultaneously objective study with mental realisation, and finding that the former entirely deprived me of the latter, I preferred to go lame through life rather than that the whole body of what my mind had visualised should perish. This will explain, to any who care about my drawings, the very obvious faults of form and anatomy which they frequently contain: these are not wilful, but are the inevitable outcome of the only way in which I am able to "see life and see it whole."

This small confession has been prompted by the sight of drawings which had become as strange to me, after their long disappearance, as if they had been done by another hand. Thus I see very clearly their drawbacks and limitations, but I do not think I could have done better, or so well, had I taken the other course and set myself merely to reproduce what came before my eye. After all, memory is the synthesis of life, and gives to many of us our truest and most abiding pleasures; so it may not be so wrong to draw as one remembers rather than as one sees. Thus, at all events, one represents more characteristically the trend of one's thoughts and preferences, so conveying, perhaps more directly than in any other way, what one wishes to emphasize and make memorable.

* * *

"The House of the Seven Gables," at Salem, Massachusetts, around which Nathaniel Hawthorne wove one of his best known and most characteristic tales, has been purchased and will be turned into a house for settlement work. The house was built in 1662 and originally had seven gables. In remodeling it some forty years ago most of these gables were removed and much modernized, but the places where the seven gable windows were are easily discernible to-day on the inside.

* * *

About 30,000 persons each year pay six pence each to be allowed to view the ruins of Kenilworth Castle. Tourists in the localities intimately associated with the memory of Burns spend some $1,500 annually to inspect the cottage at Alloway, wherein the great Robert was born, and it is estimated that Mauchline and Tarbolton clear about $50,000 a year on the fame brought them by the poet.

* * *

An interesting legal and literary dispute seems certain to arise over the letters of the late George Meredith (remarks the Springfield Republican). The London solicitors of the Meredith executors have issued a statement calling attention to the fact that the copyright of all letters written by Meredith is now vested in the executors. It will be recalled that there was a dispute over the ownership of the letters written by Charles Lamb, but then the courts decided that the owner of a letter was the proprietor of the paper with the words written on it and not the proprietor of the composition independent of its inscription. Yet the same court later made the decision, in another case, that the possessor of the letters written by a person now dead is not entitled to publish them, either in full or in part, without the consent of the executors. The law appears to be mixed, and the matter will doubtless be taken into the courts again, as Meredith was a voluminous letter-writer, and there will be those who wish to make money from his correspondence.

* * *

The Century Company, New York, have published in volume form a collection of "Stories of the Great West," by Theodore Roosevelt. There are ten of these stories, written and published at various times and now presented with illustrations by Remington and other artists. Price, 60 cents.

* * *

It is not only the novelists of to-day who are inclined to make money the root of all their fiction. In his introductory essay to a recent volume on Balzac, Mr. Ransome calls attention to the importance given to money in all of Balzac's stories. The older novelists were vastly interested in the progress of a love affair; so was Balzac, but even more in the progress of a financial superman: "The wealth and poverty of Balzac's characters is the quality that makes or breaks them. The mainspring of their actions is the desire of getting on in life. What is the tragedy of Eugenie Grandet but money? What is the tragedy of Pere Goriot but money? Eliminate wealth and poverty from either of them and they cease to exist. If old Goriot had been rich and indulgent to his daughters he would have been an estimable father; but he is poor; his daughters must be luxurious, and so he is Pere Goriot. The story is that of Lear and his kingdom translated into hundred franc notes anl lacking the Cordelia.

* * *

Sir Edward Maunde Thompson has resigned his office as director and principal librarian of the British Museum, after forty-eight years of service. He is largely responsible for the good condition of the big institution, and effected many important improvements. Sir Edward was born in Jamaica, sixty-nine years ago, and although much of his time was given to the museum he has edited many books which are of value to students.

* * *

The leading article in Harper's Magazine for July is "Higgins—a Man's Christian," by Norman Duncan, in which this distinguished Canadian writer lays bare the shocking conditions prevailing in the lumber camps of Minnesota. The article, written in Mr. Duncan's well-known striking manner, is arousing much interest and discussion in the Western States.

* * *

Maarten Maartens has been a popular author for nearly twenty years, writing in English in order to reach a larger audience than the Dutch language commands. He has a story, "The Love of a Fool," in Putnam's Magazine for July.

* * *

Lady Mary Martley Montague has this to say about novel reading: "I indulge, with all the art I can, my taste for reading. If I would confine it to valuable books, they are almost as rare as valuable men. I must be content with what I can find. As I approach a second childhood I endeavor to enter into the pleasures of it. Your youngest son is, perhaps, at this very moment riding on a poker with great delight, not at all regretting that it is not a gold one, and much less wishing it an Arabian horse, which he would not know how to manage. I am reading an idle tale, not expecting wit or truth in it, and am very glad it is not metaphysics to puzzle my judgment, or history to mislead my opinion. He fortifies his health by exercise: I calm my cares by oblivion. The methods may appear low to busy people; but, if he improves his strength, and I forget my infirmities, we attain very desirable ends."

* * *

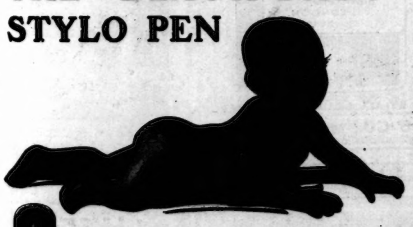
It was not until George Meredith was an old man that he began to reap any reward from his books. He was at least sixty years old, if not more, before he was able to leave the offices of Chapman & Hall, the publishers, where he acted as reader.

* * *

Many unusual objects were contained in the library of the late Victorien Sardou, which was sold at auction in Paris a few days ago. One of its most interesting features was the collection of autographed manuscripts, and the prices paid for some of them are surprising. A letter written by Louis XVI., while a prisoner in the Temple, brought $340, while a letter written by Robespierre sold for $440. Marat's manuscript of "L'Affreux Reveil" went for $180, while a note signed by the Pompadour was considered to be worth $50.

HAL.

THE "BLACK BABY" STYLO PEN



"THE BLACK BABY" is bound to become a household word in the stylo pen line. Not because there is something catchy in the idea, but because the pen itself has all the essentials of lasting popularity, viz., thoroughness of construction and finish. It is neat and attractive in appearance, convenient in size, reasonable in price.

A Smooth, Steady, Clean, Clear Writer.

Does not Splutter or Leak.

Remember the Name and Ask for IT.

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The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto

When the Roof is On

Many a new house owner thinks that once the roof of his cherished building is on his troubles are over. Not so. Finishing a house is far more of a trying experience than starting it. After the house is finished and the last workman has gone there comes the furnishing. That will occupy a larger share of a home builder's thoughts after the roof is on.

Let us make a suggestion in that connection.

Join Our July Housefurnishing Club

It's free. There are no fees or dues. You simply have the privilege of a charge account, a privilege unique in this cash store and all the more valuable in that we charge no more than cash prices.

During July you may pick out your

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and have them charged to Club Account. Payments are arranged as mutually satisfactory, generally being spread over half a year.

If this Club plan would be of convenience to you, you are welcome to it. We limit the offer to July and 500 home owners.

The Club Office is on the Ground Floor, James Street.

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IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

In about three weeks William Briggs, Publisher, will place on sale throughout Canada the

MOST IMPORTANT BOOK
which has been published in Canada in years:

Ballads of a Cheechako

By ROBERT W. SERVICE

The now famous Author of "Songs of a Sourdough."
40,000 copies of "Songs of a Sourdough" have been issued in Canada alone and the demand growing stronger every day.
15,000 advance orders for "Ballads of a Cheechako."
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Demand hours of attention in a hot kitchen over a hot oven.

Are seldom wholly baked.

Are often baked on the outside only, leaving them mushy, broken and indigestible.

And when done are neither as tasty or as digestible as Chateau Brand Baked Beans, so that labor has been lost.

CHATEAU BRAND BAKED BEANS

Are steam baked through and through with a heat twice as great as can be got in the ordinary oven.

Are wholly digestible, with a mealy taste and nutty flavor that the very best housekeeper can not get from the oven in the home.

And they save all the toiling and the broiling, the work and the worry, and, counting fuel, cost less than the home-baked variety.

CHATEAU BRAND AT GROCERS FOR 10c., 15c. and 20c. a box

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Manufacturer of High-Grade Food Specialties

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

MR. and Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie have left Toronto for their summer home at Cap a l'Aigle. Until their return in the autumn, Mr. Robt. Stark and Miss Stark will occupy their house at 31 Walmer road.

The annual opening hop of the Bellevue Hotel, Lake Temiskaming, given on July 10th, was a very jolly affair. The large pavilion adjoining the hotel was gaily decorated and with the excellent music supplied by Valentine's orchestra, of Ottawa, dancing was kept up until midnight. A good many well-known Toronto people are once more located at this popular house for the season. Some of the guests are: P. O. Meara, Ottawa; Chas. C. Norris, Toronto; Mrs. Chas. C. Norris, Toronto; Ted Norris, Toronto; Mr. Bud Bowes, Toronto; W. P. C. Andrew, Haileybury; T. P. Dunkin and wife, New Liskeard; John Dunkin and wife, London; Miss E. M. Dunkin, London; Mrs. McKelvie, New Liskeard; Miss McCamus, New Liskeard; Mrs. MacKenzie, New Liskeard; H. H. Fraser, Pembroke; R. Fraser, Pembroke; E. J. Knight, Ottawa; P. A. Robbins and wife, Haileybury; Miss Mabel Snowell, Haileybury; R. T. Walker, Cobalt; R. J. Smith, Cobalt; R. F. Taylor, Cobalt; Miss B. McKay, Haileybury; H. S. Southworth and wife, Cobalt; H. W. Haentschaell and wife, Haileybury; S. Alfred Jones, Haileybury; E. S. Leonard, Cobalt; H. S. Brawnery, Cobalt; H. E. Cavanagh, Cobalt; Mr. Herbert, Cobalt; Muriel Reamsbotton, Haileybury; Walter McMullen, Lumsden Mills; J. Ray Wilson, Lumsden Mills; H. H. Allen, Ottawa; O. Frood, Haileybury; Wm. Dickson, Ottawa; T. E. Wade, Peterboro; H. J. Stack, Lyn; N. Bertrand, Brockville; R. R. Benton, Montreal River; R. A. White, Montreal River; J. R. DeGruchy, Montreal River; J. A. Larrochelle, Mattawa; Robt. Bryce and wife, Cobalt; R. B. Watson and wife, Cobalt; J. Braughton, Toronto; S. W. Cohen, Cobalt; J. Fee and wife, Cobalt; A. Anderson and wife, Cobalt; Major Holland, Haileybury; J. Hammell, Haileybury; Mrs. Powell, Haileybury; Mrs. Cleamons, Haileybury; Mr. Hylands and wife, Cobalt; Geo. D. Kelly, Cobalt; H. F. Knight, Cobalt; Arthur Holland and wife, Cobalt; H. H. Lang and wife, Cobalt; Wm. Blackie, Cobalt; Louis Tremmith, Cobalt; John A. Cameron, Cobalt; Mrs. M. C. Massuery, Boston, Mass.; D. Clarkson, Cobalt; J. G. Marshall, Cobalt; A. C. Bailey, Cobalt; D. J. Jemmet, Toronto; C. G. Thoms, Haileybury; J. W. Crossen, Haileybury; J. E. Gardner, Haileybury; Watson Y. Young, Cobalt; Willis Abbot, Powassan; Robt. Evans, wife and family, Haileybury; G. A. Sherron, Haileybury; W. A. Mick, New Liskeard; H. T. Brown, New Liskeard; W. L. Mason, Cobalt; H. S. Hill and wife, Haileybury; W. R. Askwith and wife, Haileybury; Miss McDougal, Haileybury; Miss Harris, Haileybury; Miss Thorne, Haileybury.

MRS. FRANK OLIVER,
Wife of Hon. Frank Oliver, recently presented at Court.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Faulds, of Cliff road, have gone down to the Maritime Provinces for July and August.

Last Saturday afternoon a Woodland fete was held in the grounds of Mrs. A. H. St. Germain, Bedford Park, for the benefit of the Baptist Mission under the auspices of the York Mills Baptist church. Town people went out in numbers by motor and rail, the latter mode, provided unusual excitement as the Metropolitan car took fire and passengers were forced to scramble off very quickly. Mothers with babies in arms and small tots by the hands loaded with lunch baskets went off in such a matter of fact way that it seemed to the onlooker as though such a contre-temps was not an unusual experience for the habitual Saturday afternoon jaunter. The afternoon was delightful and the grounds with magnificent trees and grassy lawns were soon comfortably filled with visitors in summer frocks, while youthful fry eagerly patronized the fruit and ice cream booths, which were gaudily draped in red, white and blue. Strings of flags on the north and south entrances attracted the attention of passing motorists, who slowed up to take in the pretty sight. Many prominent Baptist ministers were present and all contributed speeches, while the Royal Alexandra orchestra provided excellent music. A phonograph for the children and swings kept them amused, while supper was disposed of. Mr. F. L. Fowke, M.P., of Oshawa, spoke during the evening on the "Importance of Mission work in the development of national character." Later Rev. A. P. MacEwan, who has been instrumental in the success of the mission, announced that Mrs. St. Germain had presented to the church 500 volumes from her late husband's fine collection of books.

Dr. and Mrs. Eaton, of Sherbourne street, are spending the summer at their old home in Nova Scotia.

The R.C.Y.C. Ladies' Bowling and Tennis Club held a meeting on Monday morning at the Yacht Club.

Mr. H. E. Irwin, K.C., with his family and Miss MacLearn, of Ottawa, are now domiciled in their new cottage on Lake of Bays.

The engagement of Miss Helen Kathleen O'Hara, daughter of Mrs. Robert O'Hara (*nee* Dobbs), of Kingston, and Mr. James Arthur Craig, son of James Craig, Kingston, has been announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Gouinlock and Miss W. F. Gouinlock are at Tadousac, where the links are a great attraction to the golfing set. Fishing and sports, with bridge and dancing in the evening, supply amusement for those differently inclined, while the picturesque surroundings and glorious sunsets delight the eye of the artistic. Toronto people staying at the Hotel Tadousac are Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Baird, Mr. and Mrs. Harry G. Burner, Mrs. Robin, and also Mrs. Claude B. Robin of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Edmond Adie, and Miss Eva Timis, who is with Mr. J. W. Timis, of the Bank of Montreal, and the Misses Timis.

Mrs. George H. Locke is spending the summer as usual at Peak's Island on the Maine coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Crawford Brown, who are at present in England, spent last week in London, lunching and driving with friends among whom were Mr. McMagee and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Richardson. Mrs. Krell gave a dinner for them at the Carlton, and later, during August, they will be her guests. After a motor trip they leave for Norway, and will visit all the most beautiful parts.

Mr. and Mrs. Bains are occupying Mr. Arthur Massey's house on Centre Island, and Dr. and Mrs. Chambers have Mrs. Geo. Gooderham's cottage for the summer.

A Western wedding in which a good many Easterners were interested took place in Victoria, B.C., on Wednesday, June 23, at three o'clock in St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, the Rev. W. Leslie Clay officiating. Miss Inez Wilson, daughter of the late Dr. R. H. Wilson, of Montreal, was the bride, and the groom, Mr. J. Charles Dietrick, Jr., son of Mr. J. C. Dietrick, of Galt, Ont. There were no attendants, and the bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. W. Bell, of the C.P.R., who has recently arrived in Victoria from Winnipeg. The bride looked very handsome in a smartly tailored suit of ivory cloth, trimmed with mauve, and becoming picture hat of cream Milan straw, trimmed with black velvet and cream roses. Only a very few of the immediate relatives were present, among them the bride's mother, Mrs. R. H. Wilson. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the Empress, and later in the day Mr. and Mrs Dietrick left by boat for Seattle en route for an extended trip through the chief American cities, and will visit Mr. Dietrick's home in Galt. Many messages of good wishes were received by the bride, and she was also the recipient of a number of beautiful boquets of roses from friends in town. Mrs. Wilson went West with her daughter, and after the marriage left for a visit to friends in Los Angeles.

Lady Laurier and Mrs. A. S. Hardy attended the garden party given at Thornton Cliff, Brockville, by Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Hardy. Hon. Clifford and Mrs. Sifton are at their summer home, Assinaboine Lodge; Mr. John W. Sifton is down from Winnipeg spending the summer with them.

Mr. and Mrs. John Clarke, of London, announce the engagement of their youngest daughter, Gertrude Louise, to Mr. Robt. Bruce Crosbie, of Forest, the marriage to take place quietly in August.

Mrs. Fred Duggan has removed from 609 Jarvis street to 31 Pleasant ave., Deer Park.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cunnington, of Belleville, announce the engagement of their youngest daughter to Mr. A. B. Blake-Forester, of Beckington, England. The wedding will take place August 9.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. N. Robinson, Misses Lonnie and Nora Robinson, Mr. G. H. Burnham, Mr. Percylade Brown, Miss E. Long, and Capt. Cecil Gibson are guests at the Royal Muskoka Hotel.

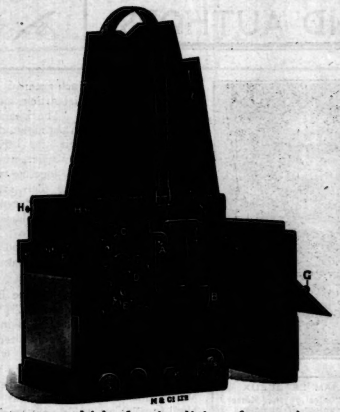
A jolly bonfire and dance was given on the Island last Thursday by Messrs. Chris and Alex. Trees. Some of those taking part in the fun were Miss L. Ireland, Miss McCausland, Miss Gladys Eastwood, Miss M. Lennox, Miss V. Boulton, Miss McIndoe, Miss M. Hutchins, the Misses Barnes, Miss M. Horrocks, Miss Marjorie Dyas, Miss Mabel Keens, Miss D. Boyd, Miss A. Meredith, the Misses Bellingham, and Messrs. Haywood, Fraser Allen, H. Douglas, C. Ellis, C. Turner, Fraser Bryce, G. Wodley, A. Gray, P. Young, P. Jolliffe, and J. Francis.

Mrs. Bruce L. Riordan has returned to town after visiting friends in Michigan and enjoying a motor trip through the state.

Dr. W. P. Caven's new home on Sturgeon Lake includes a garage capable of accommodating ten autos, and his friends are daily motoring down to see him. He has also a new gasoline launch.

At Helmingham Hall in Suffolk County, in England, the drawbridge is always raised every night over the historic moat, which is more than seven hundred years old. The moat is not dry like so many of ancient date, but is filled to the brim. This is the only English castle where the historic right of raising the drawbridge has come down from the days of chivalry.

The concrete telephone poles with which a big railroad has been experimenting east of Chicago have been so successful that they have been adopted for its lines west.



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A special feature is the focal plane shutter, whereby all adjustments may be made from the *outside*, without opening the camera.

The exposures may be regulated from 1-16th of a second to 1-800th. Time exposures of any duration may be made. The shutters are all carefully tested, and the speeds given are relative and accurate.

The Soho Reflex represents the latest development in the production of hand cameras. For the beginner in photography, as well as for the expert, it is the ideal aid to artistic picture-taking.

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The above illustration will convey to your mind some idea of the truly charming scenery enjoyed on a trip to that famous district known as "The Highlands of Ontario."

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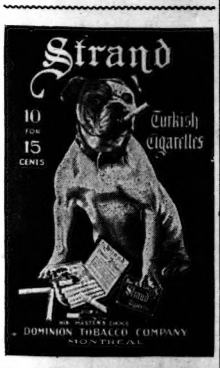

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THE GHOST OF WILLIAM JOHN

By CONSTANCE C. MARSTON

Written for SATURDAY NIGHT.

"JACK, Jacky, Jack-e-e," summoned the voice from the rear of the farmhouse. "Jack-e-e."

"Oh, bother," grumbled the boy as he rolled over on his back among the soft, sweet-smelling hay. "There's mother calling me already, and the game ain't done."

Clem slowly gathered up the straws lying at his feet. "What's it matter?" he asked as he threw them into a corner; "tain't no use tryin' to play this way. Down to Bob Burrows' place they let's have real matches that don't bend and break same's oat-straws do."

Jacky Ray raised himself on one elbow and stared incredulously across the intervening space at Clem. "Do you mean to say Mis' Burrows lets Bob play with real sure enough matches?" he demanded.

"Go in and have your supper, Jacky," she said.

"No," Clem admitted, "leastways not exactly. Bob saves up the bits left on the candle sticks an' uses them. But they're just as good," he added hastily, "an' haps safer so his mother says, though they do make your hands awful black."

"Don't you s'pose we could save up same as Bob does?" Jacky asked wistfully. "Jackstraws must be a terrible nice game played with matches."

Clem sighed and shook his head. "Tain't no use tryin' for it'd take weeks and weeks to save up enough, an' by that time the boys'd be goin' berryin' 'stead o' playin' jackstraws."

"Jacky—Jackee—Jack-e-e!" And this time perhaps there was a sharper ring in Mrs. Ray's voice; at least Jacky seemed to think so, for he jumped to his feet and crossed the hay-loft to the ladder leading to the barn below. "I guess Ma's in a hurry," he said as he grasped the top rung, "anyway she sounds like it, so I'd best run along. Just you wait till I come back," he added, pausing midway in his descent, "I ain't agoin' to let that red-headed Bob Burrows have matches for Jackstraws and us have none."

"What you goin' to do about it?" Clem asked as he slid down the ladder and joined Jacky at the barn door.

"Wait an' see, an' don't go askin' questions just's if you was only a girl," laughed Jacky as he trotted across the yard to the back porch.

To the world at large Jacky was only a sturdy brown-eyed little chap of seven, with a pleasant smile, a multitude of freckles, and knees that showed bare through two big holes in his stockings. To Slocum Corner he was commonly and unfavorably known as "that infernal boy of Mehitable Ann's"; but to Mehitable Ann herself, he was more than a child—he was William John in miniature, and so perfection.

In the early days before Jacky was "shortened," Slocum Corner found occasion to raise its eyebrows and shrug its shoulders over his mother's "goings on" when William John was called from here to the Hereafter. Dry-eyed and silent she had gone about her daily routine while her husband's body still lay in the little front parlor overlooking the garden. The morning of the funeral she churned as usual, then when the last print of butter was molded, turned down the cuffs of her new black dress, laid her checked apron across the back of a chair, and taking her child in her arms, followed the coffin to its last quiet resting place. In consequence, Slocum Corner foretold all manner of evil as the just and well deserved portion of the Widow Ray.

Mehitable Ann, however, with her heart half starved on a memory, went quietly about the place, doing her own work as well as William John's and making no complaint. But at night, sometimes, when Jacky was tucked in his crib, she stole down the hill to the churchyard and dreamed of the past, by her husband's grave, while to her distorted fancy the dead man's voice echoed softly in every breeze. In time she grew to believe in a vague unreasoning way that William John looked for, and welcomed her coming, and understood her unexpressed loneliness and longing. The mystical in her temperament was stronger than her share of sound New England commonsense and in her lonely life she gave it full play.

Leaving the churchyard earlier than usual one evening she had found Ezekiel Henderson leaning against the gate. "Why, howdy, Mis' Ray," he said in response to her quiet greeting, "I didn't know who 'twas flittin' about there 'mong the headstones. Ain't it most time," he asked slyly, "that you quit plantin' bleedin'-hearts on William John's grave? 'Pears to me 'twould be a heap more interestin' for a young woman like you to be pullin' up weeds in some live man's garden."

Mrs. Ray made no answer, but her brown eyes flashed as she walked past Henderson, and up the hill, and for quite two weeks little Jacky was forbidden to play with Henderson's Clem. Her resentment faded as the months went by, and when Ezekiel took to calling every Friday, Slocum Corner decided that the third Mrs. Henderson would undoubtedly be Mehitable Ann. Ezekiel himself felt sure of the widow's favor, and regarded her idolized Jacky as a sort of unavoidable second mortgage on an otherwise highly desirable property.

Happily unaware that Slocum Corner and fate had combined in threatening him with a stepfather, Jacky parted from Clem Henderson, and depositing his small person on the back stoop, kicked his heels on the gravel until Mrs. Ray came out of the house.

"Go in and have your supper, Jacky," she said yith a smile at the boy, "there's no use waiting for me, for I've still to do the milking." Stooping, until her face was on a level with the child's, she laid her arm around his shoulders. "Have you had a nice time, dear?" she asked, and her face was wistful as she kissed him.

"Yes'm," admitted Jacky as he backed away for fear of another caress, "yes'm, very nice, and we've been playing jackstraws all afternoon, Clem Henderson and me."

With a faint sigh Mrs. Ray rose to her feet, and picking up her milk pails, crossed the yard and let down the bars. Jacky lingered until he heard her voice gently coaxing the cows, then went into the kitchen, and pushing a chair against the open cupboard door, climbed up until he secured a precarious foothold among the shelves.

After fumbling about for a minute or two, he scrambled down with a paper box of matches in each hand. Replacing the chair, he helped himself to a big slice of cake and trotted down the passage to the front parlor. "I guess I'll light 'em here," he said as he carefully closed the door, "here where nobody can see me. They're sure to make bully jackstraws, a heap better'n Bobby's, if I light 'em careful an' blow 'em out as quick as I can. They're a sight better'n oat straws," he added as he struck them one by one against the door panel till the air was distinctly sulphurous, and a little heap of black headed sticks lay on the floor at his feet. Hastily collecting his booty as the last match flamed up and went out, he opened the door, darted across the veranda, and down the path to Clem, idly swinging on the gate.

"Look," he shouted at the top of his shrill young voice, "see that!" and he held up the handful of matches for Clem's inspection.

"Did Mis' Ray give 'em to you? Clem asked eagerly.

"No, I took 'em without askin' and struck 'em everyone in ma's front room. They left a lot of little brown marks on the paint, but I don't 'spose she'll ever see 'em. Anyway, it's a heap better'n setting ourselves on fire," he added philosoprically as he tucked them into his jacket pocket and carefully divided his slice of cake in half.

"Won't she lick you if she finds it out?" Clem asked anxiously as he took the cake Jacky handed him.

"Mothers don't lick boys," Jacky muttered with his mouth full.

"Fathers do, you can just bet," grumbled Clem, with a knowledge born of sad experience. "Pa licks me whenever he's mad, an' I guess that's pretty much all the time."

Jacky, who had clambered on to the top of the fence, dropped to the ground and pulled Clem down beside him. Here's your father comin' up the road now," he whispered, "an' perhaps he's lookin' for you. Let's hide, Clem, quick, or he'll catch you."

Crouching behind a clump of rose bushes they watched the farmer cross the garden between the carefully weeded Sweet William borders, and knock at the front door. Mrs. Ray's cotton gown gleamed white through the gathering twilight as she opened the door and led the way to the room so lately vacated by Jacky. Pushing back the shutters she picked up her knitting and sat down in a low wooden rocker by the window.

"It's powerful warm, worse than any day this year," said the visitor, flourishing a big bandana.

"It's the hottest June since William John died," added the widow.

"Don't seem to hurt the place much," Ezekiel remarked after a pause.

"The place is well enough," Mehitable Ann assented as she turned the heel of Jacky's stocking.

The farmer pulled nervously at the platter-like antimacassar on the sofa back and plaited and unplaited its long white fringe. "Ain't it kind of hard work?" he asked suddenly.

Mrs. Ray looked surprised. "Knitting ain't hard work for them that's accustomed to it," she said quietly. "Leastways I've never found it so."

"I don't mean knittin'. I mean tryin' to run a place like this when you're all alone," explained Ezekiel.

"Well, I reckon it's a bit worrying at spells, 'specially round haying time."

"Then why not get a man to help you? One that'll take an interest in the place, I mean, and be anxious to see it do its best."

"I'm sick of hired men," sighed Mehitable Ann; "that Swede I hired last week wa'n't worth his salt."

"I ain't talkin' of hired men, but of husbands, Mis' Ray. I think it's time you chose another, an' I'm willin' to be the man."

"What do you mean?" gasped the widow as she dropped innumerable stitches.

"I mean that everything's goin' to rack and ruin over to my farm because there ain't a woman at the head of the house, an' I mean that this here place is runnin' down because there ain't a man to tend to things. Clem's got no mother and now William John's gone. Jacky's got nobody to make him stand round; so I propose we try an' mend matters by gittin' married."

Mehitable Ann wiped her eyes with a black bordered handkerchief of diminutive size. "William John was a good man to me," she said tearfully.

"All the more reason to marry again," chuckled Ezekiel.

"I don't rightly know what to say," murmured the widow.

"Say? why say yes, to be sure. Bless my heart, what else could you say?" asked her suitor. But Mehitable Ann only shook her head.

The farmer's face grew almost purple with suppressed indignation. "Do you mean to say you won't have me?"

"I wonder what William John would think," she murmured to herself.

But the farmer's quick ear caught the words, and he had recourse to the red bandana and swore softly yet fervently behind its protecting folds. "How do you reckon on learnin' his opinion?" he queried with all the sarcasm he had found so effective in subduing the first and second Mrs. Henderson.

"I can't decide without thinking it over, indeed I can't," she pleaded.

"Mehitable Ann, you're an unreasonable woman," roared the farmer. "That's what you are, an unreasonable woman to keep on shillyshallying like this."

"If I'm worth having at all, I'm worth waiting for," she retorted with something like a show of spirit.

Ezekiel looked round for the hat which lay on the sofa beside him. "So you won't give me an answer," he asked as he picked it up.

"I can't to-night, for I've grown dreadful set in William John's little ways, and he always slept on things before deciding. If you like to ask

(*Concluded on page* 20.)

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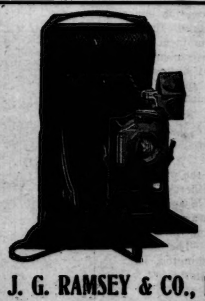

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Vol. 22 TORONTO, CANADA, JULY 24, 1909. No. 41

POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE

Professor Newcomb a Canadian.

THE death of the illustrious astromoner, Prof. Simon Newcomb, at Washington, a few days ago has attracted very little attention, most Canadians being apparently unaware that he was a fellow countryman of theirs In truth he was one of the many Canadians who have drifted to the United States and shed lustre on their adopted country. He, it is said, had more degrees than any man in the world. Sixteen universities had honored him. Dr. James Bryce, British Ambassador at Washington, comes next with thirteen degrees, and Dr. Elliot, president emeritus of Harvard, third with nine. His career was a most unusual one. He was born in Wallace. Nova Scotia, in 1835, and in 1853 drifted to the United States and became a school teacher in Maryland, working himself through college by this means and early manifesting a phenomenal genius for the study of astronomy.

But his boyhood career before he became a school teacher was romantic. He early ran away from home and became as a penniless lad the apprentice of a quack doctor wandering through the settlements of New Brunswick. Perhaps it was this experience that turned his mind toward the mystery of the universe which he made it his life work to explore. His most herculean task is that of having accurately determined the elements of the solar system, and it would require an expert to define all that he did for his beloved science.

During his lifetime he had been voted into membership in almost every scientific society on earth. Toronto University was among those which had bestowed an honorary degree upon him and others included Princeton, Yale, Harvard, Johns Hopkins, Glasgow, Heidelburg, Padua, Christiana, Leyden, Dublin, Edinburgh, not to mention Oxford and Cambridge. His services to mariners were enormous, as fitting in a man who sprang from a sea-faring community and this gained him the honor of becoming an Associate of the Instituate of France, the only English speaking native of this continent to be so honored except Benjamin Franklin. Last summer he was entertained by the Kaiser at one of his palaces. Thus did the boy who wandered through the wilds of the Maritime provinces as a quack's assistant end his life as the guest of princes.

A Gradual Process.

YEARS ago two Toronto young men in the pursuit of duty attended a meeting at which a blatherskite from the United States delivered a violent tirade against the unspeakable crime of smoking. Girls were warned against associations with youths who smoked and threatened with damnation in this world and the next. The blatherskite was Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, of Washington, D.C., general morality inspector for the United States, but that is neither here nor there.

The two masculine listeners grew tired of his raucous tirade and went out and lay down on the grass awaiting the conclusion of the universal scolding that was going on. Indeed they were so debased that they pulled out their pipes and puffed away in content.

"Jack," said one, "do you know what I would say to a girl who said she wouldn't marry me unless I stopped smoking? I'd tell her to go to Blazes or words to that effect. What would you do?"

"Billy," replied the other, who was the older and the more philosophic, "it would depend upon the girl. If she were handsome and a nice girl in other ways and I wanted her very badly, I would pretend I had stopped smoking and make her think I had given in to her in every way. Then as soon as the ceremony was over and I had her cinched, so to speak, I would pull out my pipe and say, 'Now my dear I'm going to smoke when and where I please, and if you don't like it you *know* what you can do!' Of course no sane girl would leave a man for a simple thing like that, and she would know that I was her master."

The elder man went on to discourse on the married state generally. The first thing for a bridegroom to do, he claimed, was to break his wife's spirit. This was the only basis of married happiness. Let a girl feel that she had no will but that of her husband and she would enjoy a much higher happiness than if she were allowed to have her own way in the household; she would rejoice in his smile just as does a faithful dog in the caress of his master.

Years passed by and the elder man went west and shortly afterward married. More years elapsed and he came east on business, leaving his wife and beloved baby behind him for a spell. The first thing he did was to search out his old chum and the greeting between them was as that of brothers. After they had sat down with their pipes in their mouths and something cold and foaming between them, the Toronto man said:

"Well, Jack; they tell me you are very happily married."

"Sure," said the westerner; "nicest girl and finest baby in the world."

"In that case I suppose you started in by breaking her spirit?"

"Hardly that, Billy," replied the other gravely. "I find that that must be a very gradual process."

Oliver Wants More.

WHEN Grit meet Grit then comes a time of waiting. At least it is so in Alberta. There bills, amendments, notices, acts, statutes—all the harvest of last year's wordy session of the local legislature—are still unprinted though many inky presses hunger for the job.

The cause of all this delay is no less a personage than Hon. Frank Oliver, fellow Grit, but of the Dominion House, and a member of Sir Wilfrid's Cabinet.

Prior to the last provincial election in Alberta many promises were asked and given, prominent among them a pledge to labor organizations that government printing should hereafter be done only in Union shops.

Heretofore Hon. Frank Oliver has handled all government printing in his own newspaper establishment—The Edmonton Bulletin, which has always been an open shop.

About a year ago, however, when the Labor Union demanded the dismissal of all but Union men, Oliver claimed that his own shop should be run in his own way. A bitter struggle ended in his demonstrating his right to this claim. The Bulletin is still an open shop.

But, though Mr. Oliver made straight his own commercial path, he unwittingly digged pitfalls for the feet of fellow travellers in Liberal ways leading to the local House. These legislators cannot pass by a Dominion Cabinet Minister from their own constituency who stretches out his hand for work formerly given to him, nor can they openly go back on their pledges to the Labor Union voters.

Provincial Liberals say the printing must be done.

Provincial labor men say the printing must be done in a Union shop.

Hon. Frank Oliver says the printing must be done by The Bulletin, which he will not make anything but an Oliver shop.

So there you are.

The Luck of an M.L.A.

'TIS a lucky man has a pull with the cook. Mr. Robert T. Shillington, newly-elected Member of the Ontario Legislature for the riding of Temiskaming, has not been long in politics, but has seen enough of life to appreciate the truth of the maxim. This summer he spent a holiday fishing in Temagami. Now, Shillington, M. L. A., erstwhile of Sparks street, Ottawa, may be a good fisher of men, and most lovers of Canada's National game know what he can do in front of a lacrosse net. But he proved a very poor fisher of fish on this occasion. He fished all day, and all he caught was one miserable little minnow-like specimen barely up to the regulation length.

It is the custom at the Temagami Inn, of which Dan. O'Connor, locally known as the "King of Temagami," is proprietor, for successful fishermen guests to carry their trophies around to the back door and there deliver them into the hands of the obliging cook. Then they await, with what patience may be theirs, the moment when the finny delicacy, all dressed and brown, shall be laid before them on the table.

Shillington gave up his minnow, and proceeded to his place in the dining-room.

Now, it so happened that there were other Nimrods besides Shillington at the Inn that day, and all the fish caught were not minnows. Some few minutes before the district's Parliamentary representative arrived at the back door, two young fellows had also sought the portal of culinary bliss and delivered up a couple of beautiful black bass that were almost as large and weighty as the ones that figure in "got-off-the-line" stories.

These young men, with appetites as long as their lines, entering the dining-room and awaited the bringing on of the steaming repast. At last a waiter set before them a platter containing a square inch or so of fish. Swallowing the morsel, they declared the sample excellent, and asked that the rest of the fish be brought on at once.

"The rest of the fish?" said the waiter. "There is no rest."

And then a row ensued. The successful fishermen were good talkers, and they fired some hot shot. They swore it was a put-up job—a swindle, and finally demanded an investigation.

Then it came to light that, by mistake, the two big fish had been served to Bob Shillington, M. L. A., but by that time he had eaten them both.

Sir Wilfrid and Family Prayer.

THE death of Rev. Dr. Williams, of Montreal, last week, recalls a circumstance that concerns Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and that is vouched for by a prominent public man of this city, says a religious exchange.

Mrs. Williams was a daughter of Mr. Murray, of Quebec, one of the old Puritan stock. Up to the age of eighteen Wilfrid Laurier could not speak a word of English, and he went to live in the home of Mr. Murray for the purpose of learning English. It was Mr. Murray's habit to read a portion of scripture and have family prayer every morning, and the French-Canadian boy was told that he might remain during these devotions if he wished to. He did so, and was a member of the family circle for about four years.

After he had become distinguished in the public affairs of the Dominion, a friend who knew of his association with the family of Mr. Murray, asked him what effect it had on him, and his answer was at once an honest appreciation of good living and a tribute to principle. Said Sir Wilfrid:

"The sterling integrity of character and uprightness of life displayed in the home of Mr. Murray made such an impression upon me that I will never shake it off as long as I live."

He Cast It Out.

A STORY about Mr. Walter S. Allward, the noted Toronto sculptor, told by his friends, is too good to be missed by this page, even though in publishing it SATURDAY NIGHT runs the risk of involving him in trouble with the Ontario Medical Council.

Some years ago Mr. Allward was working on a certain statue, and engaged as a model an Irishman who was a very fine specimen of physical manhood, but who suffered to some extent from rheumatism. His malady was his constant thought and theme of conversation, for, being exceptionally healthy and strong otherwise, he made much of an affliction which other men might have thought little about. One day Mr. Allward was taking a cast of the Irishman's neck, and in putting on the plaster either he or his assistant overlooked the customary preliminary of a coating of grease. They did not notice the omission of this precaution until they came to take the plaster off; but on attempting to remove it they found that it had hardened, apparently to stay until worn out, on the model's neck. Then ensued an unpleasant experience for the Irishman, as with jack-knives and other instruments Mr. Allward and his helper cut and hammered away at the cast, having particular difficulty in getting it free of the lower part of the man's hair. Finally the task was successfully performed, and the Irishman was able to laugh with the others at his rather unenviable experience, but he did not forget it.

One day, quite a long time after, Mr. Allward ran across him, after losing track of him entirely.

"Well, well," said the sculptor, "and how are you anyway? Do you remember the day we got that cast on your neck and had such a picnic getting it off?"

"Do Oi remember it?" said the Irishman; "Faith an' Oi do. 'Twas a terrible time, wasn't it? But Oi've been long wantin' to tell ye that 'twas the grand t'ing for me afther all; for, b'dad, Oi've niver had the rheumatics since."

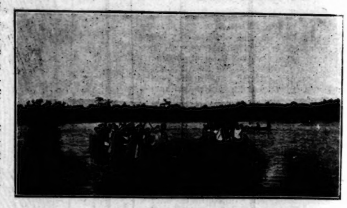
Louis Prang, for many years a leader in the art publishing business in the United States, and the pioneer chromo man, died a few days ago in Los Angeles at the age of eighty-six years. He came to America from Breslau in 1848 and settled in Boston, where he soon became successful as an engraver on wood and as a lithographer and publisher. His reproductions of famous paintings became widely known, as did his fac-simile water-colored souvenir cards.

A CRITICAL MOMENT AT THE BOWLING TOURNAMENT.
Euler's Rink, of Berlin, waiting for the last shot of Turnbull, of Brantford, in the final Trophy match. Berlin won.

Camp Couchiching.

BOARD OF CONTROL AND THE PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL IN THE CENTRE.

ABOUT one hundred and fifteen sun-browned and happy boys are having the time of their lives at the Y.M.C.A. camp on Lake Couchiching; and the accompanying pictures give some idea of the way in which they are enjoying themselves. The camp has now been running for about three weeks, and it is to last for eight weeks in all. Its object is to give the boys a good time in the open air



A WAR-CANOE RACE.

and also to teach them swimming, paddling, and some idea of general woodcraft. That the boys take kindly to the instruction is shown by the fact that, while in the first hundred who went up there were thirteen who could not swim, these boys are all swimming pretty well after a couple of weeks' teaching and practice. On this point the law of the camp is very strict. No boy is allowed

A RACE FOR DOUBLES.

out in a canoe until he knows how to swim; and the result is that the youngsters, who are very anxious to paddle, work hard at their swimming practice. Other games, too, are followed with enthusiasm, and altogether the camp is a scene of whole-souled enjoyment and hard and healthy exercise.

THE LINE-UP FOR DINNER.

In the Senate.

THE Senators of Canada are variously distinguished. Boucher de Boucherville, from Quebec, is the oldest, though only 87, a mere infant compared with some of his confreres, recently deceased. Hon. Hewitt Bostock, from British Columbia, is the youngest, just 45, almost too young for the company he keeps. There are also the wittiest—Domville, of New Brunswick, is our choice—and the wealthiest; and though all are wise, there must be one wiser than the rest.

W. Dell Perley, from Saskatchewan, whose death last week still further reduced the rapidly thinning ranks of the Conservatives in the upper house, was the biggest physically. Originally, a St. John River farmer, he went west in the first boom days of Manitoba, ignoring the maxim that a man is a fool who moves after forty. His first attempt at prairie farming was unsuccessful and he decided to return to New Brunswick. In a crowded shack at Brandon, which did duty for a hotel, on a cold, wet October night, he met Dr. Silas Alward from St. John, who talked Mr. Perley out of his fit of homesickness, and he returned to Assiniboia to prosper beyond his most sanguine hopes, and to become eventually member of parliament and senator for his adopted home.

A Family Problem.

A NOTED Toronto educationist tells this story on himself. He has been twice married and has a numerous family. One morning at breakfast one of the girls of the younger family, who had just begun the study of vulgar fractions, was unusually silent. She was engaged in trying to work out in actual life the axiom that two halves equal the whole, for presently she propounded this question:

"Mary is my half-sister. Now if mother was to die, and father married again, his children would be my half sisters and brothers, but would they be any relation to Mary?"

How the educationist would have answered this mathematical and sociological question will never be known, for the five-year-old son settled it in a way that left no room for doubt as to the fairness of his solution, or his belief in his father's determination to play the game fairly. He stopped absorbing oatmeal long enough to remark:

No, No. That's not right. It's Dad's turn to die next."

Little Talks on Toronto.

II. PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND PATRIOTISM.

By Okemo

MR. SMUGLEY had an enthusiastic admiration for the public buildings of Toronto. As might have been expected his own house had been designed by an English architect who knew nothing of Toronto; which was accounted "style" by Smugley—and his friends; besides being a touch of Imperialism.

The "Doctor" lost no time introducing his guests, Sir John Bigsbee and Mr. Chinkup from Chicago, to the most distinguished aggregation of public edifices in Canada—the Queen's Park series. Not that he cared very much for the opinions of Chinkup; but Sir John had seen all the notable architectural piles of England; a man of taste and discernment.

They strolled onto the campus, the Doctor leading by a knee, anxious that Sir John should not turn until they had got to the right angle for a good perspective of University College.

For a moment or two Sir John stood silent with his glasses in one hand at his coat-tail, critically surveying the circus of academic piles observable from that classic campus.

His silence was rather disconcerting. He had not burst into a rhapsody as Smugley, LL.D., had expected.

Chinkup blew a prodigal whiff from his cigar and sidled up to his host.

"How much did the plant stick the corporation?" he said in a ground tone.

"I really don't know," Smugley smiled rather feebly. "Well, Sir John?"

Attentively, Sir John gazed at him.

"I'm bound to say, sir, that the building you have called University College is as creditable a piece of respectability in architecture as anything we have in Oxford," he began.

"Which is saying a good deal," smiled Smugley.

"Certainly going some," admitted Chinkup—still mentally figuring on the investment.

"Also, I am free to admit, sir, that yonder building you call the library is worthy to be included in the same outlook—ahem!"

"Say, Doctor—did you ever see the University of Chicago?"

"Ah! Built by Standard Oil, Mr. Chinkup."

"Best educational plant in the United States—I reckon. Yep. Don't miss seeing it, Sir John."

Sir John, however, had retreated a few paces to get a good ensemble view of Convocation Hall and the Physics building next.

Chinkup studied it also through a billow of smoke..

"Huh! That the cyclorama style of architecture, Sir John?"

This seemed very inauspicious language to Smugley.

"It's a splendid building. Capital! I should say it was really beautiful. But I'm bound to say that I should have recommended consulting an eminent landscape artist before accepting the design. So far as I can see from a casual view, the numerous architects who worked upon this assortment of edifices did not believe in taking counsel together."

"Sort of pool their ideas, Sir John, eh?" said Chinkup. "Mighty good thing. It certainly was every man for himself in this layout—as you say. Now, in Chicago——"

But Sir John was already off on another tack. He had spotted the old School of Science.

"Uh—this is not a school of manual training, Dr. Smugley?"

The Doctor explained that the red-brick abortion was perpetrated by the Grit Government about twenty years ago, when an old red-brick pile known as Wycliffe College, had stood in front next to College street, and when all the land thereabouts was a commons. Governments, he said, were not supposed to have architectural ideas. But Sir John was fairly bewildered. He saw that he was in the midst of an architectural jumble such as had never been conceived except in a dream; a hodgepodge of styles and models, one shrieking at another as vainglariously as the shacks of a new prairie town that no man lays out. Evidently, as he said, there had been some desire for conformity; for the large chemical building in the front did its best to conform to the old School of Science; while the unspeakable engineering building with the window walls and double smokestack, and the corner almost hanging over the curved sidewalk was, at least, of the same material as the Medical Building.

"Puts me in mind of a factory suburb, Sir John, eh?" said Chinkup.

Sir John said it reminded him of nothing—except of a glorious chance for the finest scheme of buildings in Canada gone almost completely awry. Dr. Smugley explained that much of the trouble came from the University expanding so much more rapidly than its revenues—

"Yep, that's it," said Chinkup. "No John D. Rockefellers in Canada; country too young, needs capital; that's why you and I are here, Sir John, eh?"

Sir John shook his head rather tensively. "There is such a thing as the curse of capital," he said, stroking his beard.

"Impossible!" said Chinkup. "Look at this University—starved for the lack of it."

"Buy, my dear sir! all the millions in the United States will not buy national ideas; and if there is a spot in Canada where the national ideas of a young country should be exemplified, surely it is the greatest university in all the colonies."

Quite evidently the argument would soon have been as colossal a muddle as the University buildings, had Dr. Smugley not led his guests away to the pile of brown stone that commands the head of University avenue and the entrance to Queen's Park.

"Now, that's what I call a bang-up fine lump of architecture," said Chinkup, as he sat on a bench and removed his Panama. "Say, Doctor—that 'ud eat up a couple of millions, anyhow, eh?"

Smugley said the cost was highly considerable.

"Amurrican design, too, I'll bet a cow! Hum! Thought so. I shouldn't have thought there was an architect in Canady twenty years ago capable of designing a government plant the size and style of that.

"Ah! but it happens, Mr. Chinkup—that at the very time this building was being erected according to the plans of an United States architect, our City Hall which is quite as large and equally as impressive, was being built from the plans of a Canadian architect."

Dr. Smugley spoke with some warmth, despite the fact that his own house was of English design—though, of course, that was a different matter in more ways than one.

"Well, I must say," concluded Sir John, "that with all becoming respect to the solidity and dignity of your Provincial capitol—it lacks woefully in what I should call aspiration. One feels like estimating how many tons pressure it exerts per square foot for instance, instead of any ideas it might be intended to convey."

"Just so. Have a cigar, Sir John?" Chinkup was not profoundly interested in public buildings; however, he consented to go along—— "Let's get a car," he said. "Which way, Doctor'?"

They went west on College; Smugley pointing out the new Carnegie library—which precipitated a warm argument between Chinkup and Sir John as to the ethics of Carnegieism.

"Greatest unelected multi-millionaire public man of last century, Sir John—that same Andy Carnegie. That's so. Andy has ideas. John D. now—well, barring the University of Chicago, he's John D. forever. Besides, Andy's a proof of what the greatest democracy in the world, sir, can do for even a Scotchman, d'you see?"

"Well, what of the Englishman?"

"Never tried 'em, Sir John. Guess there's hope though. We fetched old George Hanover to time once in a hurry. Most sensible thing he ever did was to give the United States the Fourth of July. That's so."

But by this time the trio were transferring to a Belt line car, and for a moment Sir John stood to compare the buildings on the N. E. and N. W. corners, observing rather solemnly:

"'Bless my soul! whoever would have thought that the bank was the house of Mammon and yonder the House of God?"

This led to a discussion of churches.

"You know, Sir John," said Smugley, as they boarded the car, "one of Toronto's most apt nicknames is—the city of churches."

"I thought it was 'Hogtown?'" shouted Chinkup.

"Altogether different, sir. Yes, we have several hundred churches in Toronto, Sir John."

"Methodists in the lead?" barked Chinkup.

Dr. Smugley nodded benignly, but not encouragingly.

"Why don't you call the English church 'Episcopal' same as we do?" insisted the man from Chicago.

"Tut! tut!" snapped Sir John, who began to scent treason.

Then until the car reached Simcoe street there was a mutual silence. Sir John stuck out his head at sight of St. Andrew's. "Excellent bit of Norman!" he said. "But why on earth did they put the Gothic chancel to it?"

"Ah! on account of the new organ," sa'd Dr. Smugley.

Sir John slapped his knee. "Bless my soul, who ever heard of rebuilding a church for the sake of an organ?"

Chinkup was not much interested in churches. When they got off at Church street in front of the impressive spire of St. James', he said that it was a pity to have so much good ground unoccupied and untaxed.

"That, I am told, is the highest steeple in America, Sir John," said Dr. Smugley.

"Ever see Old Trinity on Wall street, New York, Sir John?" By George! it's a great sight to look down on that old spire from the top of one of those cloud-splitters."

"Which I trust will never happen here," said Sir John fervently. Then they went to inspect the Metropolitan and St. Michael's—the former of which Sir John decided was fairly good gothic, but bad architecture; which was all Greek to Chinkup.

"However, it's better to have even indifferent gothic than none at all. It's a bad sign for any city when the commercial buildings go higher than the churches."

"Say, Doctor—where's that skyscraper you spoke about?" broke out Chinkup.

"Ah!" said Smugley, when they had found it. "Now that's the tallest commercial building in the British Empire, Sir John!"

This, he said very impressively; but Sir John had no desire to hear anything further about that. In fact he was vastly more interested in the old stone piles to be seen in that part of the town, because he said some of them were quite as good as anything of the sort to be found in Great Britain. At the Bank of Monreal he looked with great admiration.

"You have a large number of ornate banks in Toronto, I see. Do your shareholders ever object?"

Chinkup cackled derisively. His theory was that Canadian banks existed largely for the sake of Wall street, and he would have got Sir John into a most unamiable argument on this uncomfortable question, if the eyes of both had not lighted simultaneously upon the vast and melancholy hiatus in the landscape on the south side of Front street where the great fire had run one of its races in the spring of 1904. They walked down to view the ruins. Dr. Smugley recalled the fire—which, however, with its ten millions of destruction, was nothing to the great fire of Chicago that Chinkup had seen with his own eyes when a boy.

"Bless my soul!" said Sir John. Do you say that was five years ago—and all this Stinehenge here still?"

"A-ha! 'Stonehedge' is good!" broke out Chinkup. "By George! it the Giants' Causeway—the Catacombs; splendid! Say, Doctor—where can I get picture postcards of that? I reckon this is the billposters' headquarters for the continent of America. Eh?

"But what's been the trouble?" asked Sir John.

And, of course, Dr. Smugley lost no chance to animadvert upon the two railways who had gobbled the land as soon as the fire had it vacant, and were now holding it for an advertisement to Toronto.

Chinkup made a mental calculation of the value of the land and the probable loss of interest in the shape of rent. To him it was sort of a miracle that so much productive land in the transportation heart of a modern city could lie idle and ugly at the same time; though he admired the enterprise of those firms who had so ingenously billposted the last solitary pinnacles and columns of the ruins—especially as he noted that half the commodities advertised were made in the United States.

"How's that for Imperialism, Sir John, eh?" he chuckled.

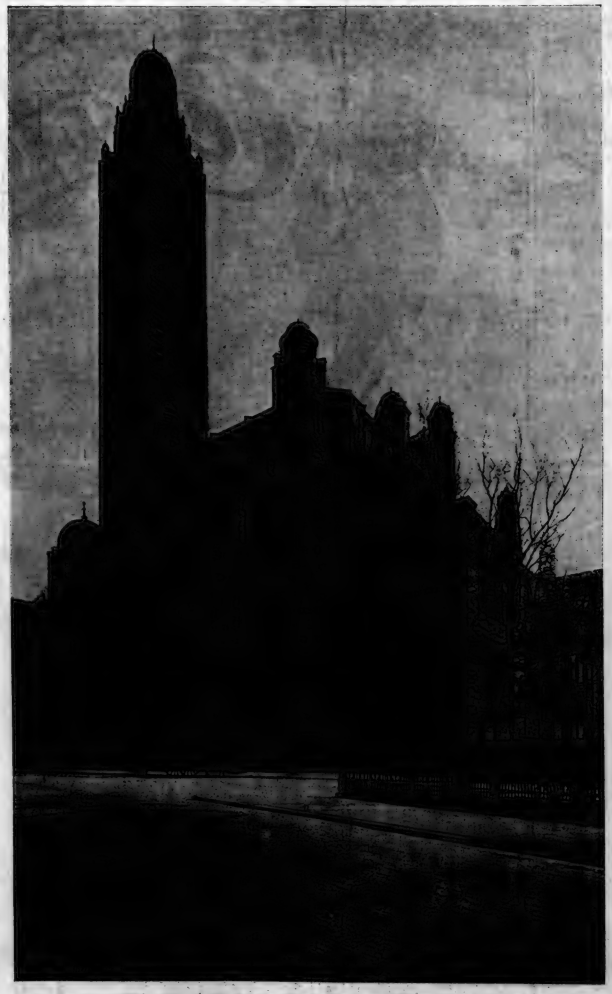
"Dear me!" said Sir John, spectacles under his coat-tails. Bless my soul! I am sorry I saw this. But tell me, Dr. Smugley—is nothing being done by way of preparation for this new station?"

"I believe the plans are being drawn up, Sir John."

"Ah! by which one of your Canadian architects?"

"By a United States firm, Sir John. I regret to say."

"Bless my soul! Dear me! What a pity! I suppose they will insist upon surmounting the dome with the American Eagle?"



The New Catholic Cathedral at Westminster.

AN edifice which may be regarded as the most important work of the Catholic Church in England since the Reformation, and one of the finest pieces of ecclesiastical architecture for centuries, is the new Catholic Cathedral at Westminster, a view of which is given in the accompanying picture. The creation of a building worthy to represent the cosmopolitan faith of the Catholic Church in "the immense capital of a world-wide empire of power and influence," was the dream of Cardinal Wiseman, who, shortly before his death in 1865, expressed the hope that a Cathedral might be erected for the Metropolitan See of Westminster. The same year, the Catholic body, presided over by his successor, Cardinal Manning, pledged itself to build a Metropolitan Cathedral as a memorial to Cardinal Wiseman, a project which obtained the approbation and special blessing of His Holiness Pope Pius IX. Cardinal Manning labored to further the work; first, however, providing Catholic schools and institutions for the poor children in the diocese and raising funds for the acquisition of the site. Before his death the site now occupied by the Cathedral, which lies a little back from Victoria street, and is the site of the old Tothill Prison, was purchased after various preliminaries, at a cost of £55,000. The late Cardinal Vaughan, who succeeded him, brought the project another step towards materialization when, on June 29, 1895, he laid the foundation stone of the Westminster Cathedral. The contrast between the humble chapel of the beginning of the nineteenth century and the magnificent cathedral to-day structurally complete, affords a remarkable illustration of the expansion of the Catholic Church in Great Britain.

As to the style of the architecture, there had been much divergent opinion, Cardinal Vaughan favoring early Byzantine, and few will doubt the peculiar fitness of the selection of this style, for Byzantine art was the first distinctly Christian art; moreover, its possibilities had never been demonstrated in Great Britain on so vast a scale. The architect, the late John Francis Bentley, who came of Scottish family, and who, it may be mentioned, had originally favored a Gothic Cathedral, was untried in the Byzantine style, and, before preliminary plans, he went abroad to study its subtleties and steep himself in its beauties. And he has been very successful.

In rather sharp contrast to the extremely ornate character of the exterior of the building is the noble simplicity of the interior. The general effect is one of magnificent distances, and it is obtained by great simplicity of treatment and a masterly disposition of the lighting. The nave consists of a series of gigantic piers which rise until they curve into stately arches, subdivided by smaller ones. The depth of these arches is immense and the lines are everywhere simple and dignified. The altar is a solid block of polished gray Cornish granite, weighing fourteen tons; the baldachino surmounting it is an exquisite piece of work, with his designs for which the architect was especially satisfied. It is of white marble, carved, panelled and richly inlaid with lapis-lazuli and supported by eight monolith marble columns of dark color and wonderful polish. With the light from the southern windows streaming upon it, the effect is extraordinary. Probably in no other building in Europe have so many exquisite marbles been assembled.

In Mr. Armour's Student Days.

THEY tell a good story about the days when Eric Armour, law partner of Edmund Bristol, M.P., for Centre Toronto, was in his senior year at Varsity. The old residence was still in full swing and "Count" Armour and another senior shared a room in what is now the Undergraduate Club.

Some kindly person, one day in the fall term, thinking to lighten the arduous monotony of Armour's days at the University, made him a present of a sturdy little earthenware jug of Scotch whiskey of a famous brew. Now the popularity of Count Armour, which is a byeword to this day, was in its full bloom at that time and his room was headquarters for those of the students who turned to find relaxation from their books. Scotch whiskey was no thing to leave exposed upon one's dresser among such company. So the room-mates hastened to a drug store, secured a plain business-like bottle, had it liberally swathed in poison labels and garnished with death's heads. Into this they poured the precious liquid and hid it away upon a high shelf, to await a fitting occasion for so gorgeous a libation.

One bitter night in late December such an occasion came. Varsity won a hockey match and as the chilled rooters made their way back to residence Armour and his room-mate determined to celebrate with a toddy. So every room in Second House that night yielded up its two men and two glasses who sat about in awed silence while, like priests at sacrament, Count and his partner labored with the lemons, nutmeg and boiling water.

Presently the great moment came when Count Armours strode majestically to the cupboard and took down the bottle. It felt strangely light. With a sinking heart he carried it under the gas jet. Whiskey there was not but under the most fearsome of the skulls Armour read in a fine script which he knew for that of "Rex" King, now of Detroit:

"Goodbye, Count; I have committed suicide."

Lord Charles Beresford, whose recent speeches in England on the Navy have aroused so much discussion, is to sail for Canada from Liverpool on August 20 by the Allan Line Royal Mail Turbine steamer, Virginian, accompanied by Lady Beresford. He will open the Toronto exhibition. Canadians will undoubtedly give this great naval hero a hearty welcome.

Some Great English Tennis Players

THAT the Davis cup trials this year will be productive of some gilt edged lawn tennis is beyond question, for England will be represented by her foremost cracks of the present time, and surely only the best will toe the base line for the Stars and Stripes. Though there may be some changes as time wears on, the English team spoken of just now are A. W. Gore, Major J. G. Ritchie, Kenneth Powell and J. C. Parke. Of these perhaps Ritchie and Parke are best remembered on this side on account of their efforts in previous contests for the Davis cup, but because he is the present English champion at singles A. W. Gore commands the most attention.

His recent defeat of Ritchie in the challenge round at Wimbledon was remarkable, especially as in years he is long beyond the climacteric when most players are supposed to be at their prime. To-day he is 41 years of age, but the flight of time has detracted nothing from his ability as an all around man at the game. Either at the net or at the base line he is equally effective, while his resourceful tactics are inexhaustible. It is a

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BERTRAM, Commandant of the Canadian Bisley Team.

fact well demonstrated that no man can ever say he has Gore beaten till the last point has been tallied against him. It has been said of him that fortune seems to smile upon him at Wimbledon above all others, but maybe whatever success he has attained there is due more to his cleverness than to luck.

Major J. G. Ritchie was over last year on the same mission that is bringing him again, so his style of play is pretty well known to followers of the game in America. This year he won the covered courts championship at the Queen's Club, London, and it is his first bracket in that direction, although he has been trying for the event for a good many years. That the win was no fluke is evidenced by the fact that Ritchie was opposed by such players as Gore, Kenneth Powell and C. P. Dixon. Of course Ritchie is better on boards than on the grass, a victory over H. L. Doherty being to his credit on the former, though it is not on record that he once won from "Do" on the latter.

In the championship singles held recently at Wimbledon, Ritchie won right through, but had to lower his colors to Gore in the challenge round. As an all around tactician, Ritchie is regarded as the foremost racquet wielder in England, and he has marvellous staying powers, to which might be added a cool, emotionless method of going about his business. He has one marked peculiarity, and that is his best work comes along in streaks and particularly when the game seems to be going against him. It is a sort of a sudden determination to retrieve a lost situation. To all appearances he looks to be a defeated man that has lost all interest in the tussle. Suddenly his eyes begin to flash and his frame takes on new energy, and to the surprise of the spectators he begins to exhibit his most brilliant shots and his great skill comes back to him.

J. C. Parke, another member of the invading team, was in America last year with Ritchie, and his merits are familiar to the players on this side of the pond. He was a contender in the men's singles at Wimbledon this year and won his first match cleverly from A. Hendriks. He struck a real snag in the second round as he was drawn against H. Roper Barrett, but nothing daunted, Parke went at his opponent with rare pluck. He played well, but was not able to cope with Barrett, who won the three sets, 6—4, 6—2, 6—4. Parke is the present champion of Ireland, and though a cool man on the courts, plays for every stroke there is in him.

Kenneth Powell is the youngest of the party and a decided newcomer in Davis cup affairs. He was the Cambridge hurdler of a few years ago, and besides winning the Oxford-Cambridge contest over the sticks is one of two Englishmen who came inside 16 seconds for the 120 yards in the English championships. While he could always play a good game of tennis he did not devote his attention exclusively to the game until about three years ago. He showed fine form in several of the big matches, but his most notable win was in the covered courts championship of the Queen's Club last year. This year he did not defend his title, but reserved himself for the men's singles at Wimbledon, but he was beaten in the fourth round.

When an Audience Laughs.

VAUDEVILLE is known as the "laugh trust," but not for the reason one might think. It gets the phrase because there are a certain definite number of devices in its category of acts that control the laughs of its audiences. The same old things are always good for a laugh in vaudeville. According to The Bohemian, a new device, a new bit of "business," a new joke are all regarded as dangerous by the performers. The following table details some of the times at which a vaudeville audience regularly laughs.

When a comedian walks with a mincing step and speaks in a falsetto voice.

When a German comedian opens his coat and discloses a green waistcoat.

When a comedy acrobat falls down repeatedly.

When a performer asks the orchestra leader if he is a married man.

When a black face comedian says something about chicken.

When a performer starts to rise from a chair and the drummer pulls a resined piece of cord so that the performer thinks his clothes have ripped.

When the drummer suddenly beats the drum during a comedian's song and the latter stops and looks in his direction.

When a tramp comedian turns around and discloses a purple patch or several pearl buttons or a target sewed on the seat of his trousers.

When the funny member of the troupe of instrumentalists interrupts the progress of a melody by sounding a discordant note on his trombone.

When a clown of a team of acrobats poises himself to do a presumably difficult feat and suddenly changes his mind and walks away without doing it.

The Professor's Mistake.

WHEN Mrs. Sillerby went out for the afternoon she told her husband that she hoped the children would not annoy him at his work—the husband being, of course, that famous Professor Sillerby, of whom so many stories are told. He was, as is well known, one of the profoundest scholars that America has produced, and little more than a baby in the affairs of every-day life. It was he who once stepped off a car—an old horse-car—when it was in motion, and spilled himself all over the road—his hat in one gutter and the books he was carrying in the other. As he was gathering himself out of the mud, a passenger who stood on the back platform said to the conductor:

"Do you know who that is? That's Professor Sillerby; they say he knows more than any man in America."

"Him!" said the conductor scornfully. "Why he don't even know which foot to get off a car on.

But that is not the story that I started on.

Mrs. Sillerby, then, expressed a hope that the children would not interrupt the Professor's work; in saying which she showed herself a singularly sanguine woman. There were a lot of children, and they seemed to have no other mission in life that afternoon except to make work of any kind impossible. They began with hide-and-seek on the floor of the room where the Professor was working, till he stopped that; then they slid down the staircase in bath-tubs and tea-trays and things.

MAJOR M. S. MERCER, Adjutant of the Canadian Bisley Tteam.

That being prohibited, they played at three-ring circus in the room over the Professor's head, materially assisted therein by the possession of a big drum which some considerate friend had given one of them at Christmas. The Professor stood it with such patience as he could command till the afternoon began to draw in and then, in his despair, an inspiration came to him. He would put them to bed. It was rather a complicated proceeding, but he managed it—not being at all certain which child belonged to which bed—and left them with a threat that if they stirred till their mother came home he would call a policeman.

The Professor had hardly returned to his work when Mrs. Sillerby came in, and he told his story.

"Gracious!" said Mrs. Sillerby. "How did you get them undressed and into bed? Didn't you have a lot of trouble?"

"Not much," said the Professor. "Except with one boy who is in the cot by the door in the small nursery."

"I will go up and see," said his wife. And up she went.

"I don't wonder you had some trouble with that boy," she said quietly, when she came down again ten minutes later.

"Do you know which child that is?"

"No; I don't think I noticed," said the Professor.

"I don't think you can have," said his wife. "That is Tommy Wilkins from across the street."—J. Blundell Barrett, in The Bellman.

Points About Newfoundland.

Newfoundland is a big country, a third larger than Ireland and twenty-one times the size of Prince Edward Island, and when one considers the smallness of the population—only about 225,000, and nearly all fishermen—the returns from agriculture are considerable, says Edwin Smith, in the July Canadian Magazine. Over a million and a half dollars' worth of farm produce is raised annually on a fraction of cultivated land, which bears no appreciable relation whatever to its tributary soil uncultivated as yet, but which can and will be cultivated in the years to come. Instead of importing $600,000 worth of farm produce each year from Canada, Newfoundland ought to aim at raising it at home, and the present depression will not be without some benefit if it helps the people to see more clearly the logic and the wisdom of the Governor's motto "back to the land."

During an extended visit to the colony last summer, the writer saw enough to convince him that, although Newfoundland does not compare with England or Manitoba as an agricultural country, it has nevertheless large tracts of the very finest farming lands, in its many river valleys and by the margins of its innumerable lakes. In the Humber Valley there is an interval twelve miles long and six miles wide, with a deep fertile soil, capable of raising large crops of hay, vegetables and grain, and which is still waiting the hand of the husbandman. It is the Annapolis Valley over again, only in scenery richer and more luxuriant. And what is true of the Humber is true to a greater extent of the Codroy, Exploits, Terra Nova, Gander, and many smaller rivers.

A writer in The New York Herald tells this Mark Twain story:

The sidewalks of the avenue were thronged. Moving at a leisurely pace a continuous stream of pedestrians threw a brilliant ribbon of color as far as the eye could reach. At Forty-fourth street, at the most crowded hour, a small knot of persons had gathered, obviously intent upon the same object. A woman who was just behind the group observed the cause of this little gathering, as she supposed, and turning to her companion:

"How gratifying!" she said. "See, there is Mark Twain waiting for a bus, and so many have stopped to look at him. He has his back to them and doesn't know a thing about it. Quite a tribute, isn't it?"

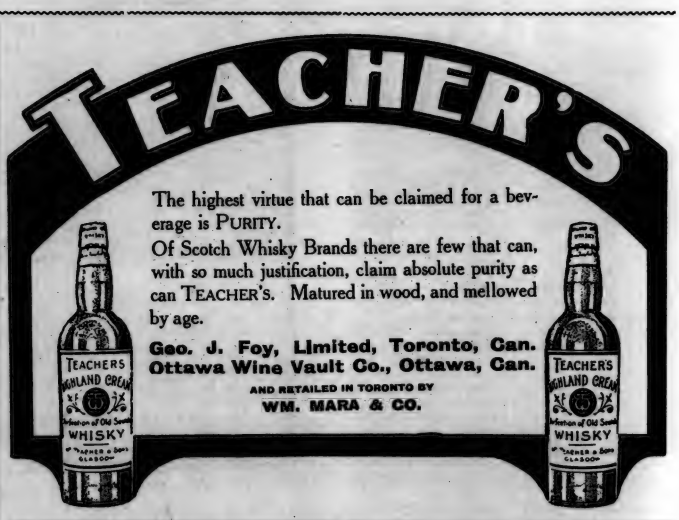
But by this time the women were abreast of the group. The real object of interest obviously was something entirely different. Standing back of Mark Twain was a woman, and beside her a French poodle sitting upright, his mistress' purse held tightly in his mouth. Not one of the group had recognized the distinguished author nor had a moment for him in the absorption of watching the trick dog.

PICTURESQUE LEHIGH VALLEY ROUTE TO NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA AND ATLANTIC CITY.

The Grand Trunk is the only through line in connection.

Trains leave Toronto 4.30 p.m. and 6.10 p.m. (through New York sleeper). Secure tickets and make reservations at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge Sts. Phone Main 4209.

"Your tickets were complimentary, were they not?" "Well," replied the man who had seen a painfully amateur entertainment, "I thought they were until I saw the show."—Tit-Bits.



SPORTING COMMENT

AN INTERESTING MOMENT IN THE INTERNATIONAL POLO MATCH AT HURLINGHAM.

THERE were some interesting results at the Dominion championship meet held recently at Winnipeg. In the first place a husky Vancouver "cop" of the name of J. H. [illegible] has shown himself to be the all-round amateur athlete in Canada. He won his points in the weight events and in the jumping, and a record of four firsts, one second, and one third shows what he is capable of in his own favorite sports. But the most remarkable performance of the entire meeting was the walking of G. H. Goulding, of Toronto, who showed that he is one of the greatest of living pedestrians. He set new marks in both the mile and the three-mile walking races, and as he is practically a newcomer, he may be expected to do even better than this.

And while talking of walking, it seems that something should be said of the remarkable feat of the veteran pedestrian, Edward Weston, who recently finished his long tramp across the continent from New York to San Francisco. It is true that he did not do it in one hundred days as he had attempted; but even to do it in one hundred and four days is a sufficiently wonderful performance for anyone, not to speak of a man over seventy like Weston. It was a great feat, and one good result of it has been to call attention to one of the best sports in the world, which unfortunately is being neglected in these days of train and automobile travel. The long tramp is a splendid way of spending a vacation; but it has gone out of favor, and the men who used to take a knapsack on their backs and tramp the country lanes are a vanished race. Weston's walk, however, has brought to mind this old sport and its exponents, and it is to be hoped that he will not lack followers, even though their endeavors should be much less ambitious than his.

* * *

THE general fairness of British sporting comment is shown in the following notice of the American polo victory in a recent issue of The Tatler: "Mr. Whitney and his three colleagues—the brothers Waterbury and Mr. Devereux Milburn—are great polo-players. They could not well be anything else to overthrow England's polo supremacy. They have in their possession a wonderful team of fast ponies, many of them having been bought from our leading players. It is rather a weird reflection that America should have used English weapons, i.e., the English-bred ponies, to defeat England on her own soil. But it is not only due to their splendid ponies that the Americans owe their success. They are fine players in themselves, and seldom if ever have there been such brilliant strikers seen on our London polo grounds. What is of most importance is that they are able to show this brilliant striking when going at a great pace. There are many polo players in London to-day who seem brilliant when playing in second-class polo, but directly the pace is turned on as in first-class play they become quite ordinary. Not so with these Americans; the faster it is the better do they seem to be, and there is not the slightest doubt that if the International Cup has left England it is because the Americans are the better exponents of the great galloping game."

* * *

AS a proof that a genuine interest is being taken in aeronautics from a sportsman's point of view two members of the Aero Club have purchased aeroplanes. Russell A. Alger, of Detroit, was the first to contract for a Wright machine, and A. P. Warner bought one of the Herring-Curtiss type. Both machines will probably be tested on the Long Island grounds. The indications are that aeroplaning will become a sport long before the machines can be relied upon for practical use.

Glenn H. Curtiss, the inventor, is an enthusiast in the belief that the aeroplane will find rapid favor with the keen sportsman. "The lightning express rate of speed," said Mr. Curtiss, "affords a spice of danger that appeals to the sportsman. Men will go in for aeroplaning as they do for automobile speeding. Of course the use of the aeroplane will be confined to the country, as in its present state of devlopment it could not with safety sail over skyscrapers.

"It is a mistake to think that a man must have a scientific knowledge of air currents in order to learn to ride it. Any one who has activity enough to balance on a motorcycle can learn the control of a flying machine. The beginner should start by flying close to the ground and should not attempt to make a turn before he has made twelve or fifteen flights. After he becomes familiar with the machine it does not require that steady attention and the aviator may study the effect of the surfaces on the air.

"After he has got perfect control of the apparatus he may go in for conquering height. The sensation of rising and falling is interesting. The height experienced from an aeroplane is unlike that felt in looking down from a tall building; there is not that dizzy feeling or desire to jump. As the machine ascends there is a sensation that the earth is dropping away from you, and in descending that the earth is coming toward you. The varying sensations will appeal to the novice who is always ready for a new experience. The hope of conquering the air lies in making the aeroplane popular for sport. I believe the coming year will see many aeroplanes in use for this purpose."

* * *

THE lawn tennis championships as played this year at Wimbledon will have gone far to administer the final blow to the new cult of special grips, cut and swerve services and the other tricks which have developed in America, Australia and elsewhere. They have been preached as the only salvation of tennis in England; they have been tried and they have been found wanting. At Wimbledon there were illustrated every variety of the new services and every school of play. The result has been that the men's singles championship has been won by a man over 40 years of age, who uses not a single one of the new dodges and who simply hits hard and straight and with courage. The same man has won the doubles championship in partnership with another veteran whose service is straight and whose play depends upon thought, straight hitting and a proper contempt for twists and breaks. Moreover, these two in winning the final round met two exponents of the new methods and made them look like beginners. One reason why there is no young generation rising to take the place of the veterans is the very small chance of getting competent instruction in lawn tennis in London. As it is, play is distinctly inferior at the present time to what it was twenty years ago. The play at Wimbledon this year has proved that the male player is far more subject to nerve attacks than are the women. In the championship round of the men's singles a player with victory within grasp completely lost his nerve and became a beaten man. In the women's championship the game was fought out to the last stroke with splendid courage, even when the result hung on a single ace and there were chances of compromising with the sterner game.

* * *

A DIFFERENCE has arisen between the English and Australian swimming authorities which may take a little time to straighten out, and which is occupying some attention on the other side of the Atlantic just now. Some time ago the Amateur Swimming Association of England announced that it would send a team of swimmers to Australia this summer, and a start was made to collect the money to defray their expenses. The southern counties went so far as to vote the sum of £100 toward the fund, but for some reason cancelled the resolution. The Australians are wild over the failure of the Englishmen to muster the team, for the antipodeans expected a thrilling series of races between their cracks and the visitors. Maybe the reason the English backed out was on account of Beaurepaire, the Australian swimmer, who was suspended by the English Association last year. The Australian authorities did not recognize the suspension of Beaurepaire, and allowed him to compete and win all the championships after going home.

* * *

THERE has recently been a revival of the mooted question as to how much of the marked improvement in the speed of the trotting horse in recent years is due to improved track vehicles, training methods and mechanical appliances, and how much to actual improvement in the breed of horses.

When it is stated that Mr. Wright, a sulky builder and horseman long and closely identified with harness racing, estimates that the long shaft sulky of to-day is about four seconds faster than the first pneumatic, and that the latter was four seconds faster than the best high wheel sulky in use prior to 1892, it will be seen that Lou Dillon, Major Del Mar and other twentieth century champions have not much to brag about by comparison with Maud S., Jay-Eye-See and the record breakers of other days, if expert opinion is to be relied upon.

Nearly all experts are agreed that the original pneumatics were faster by four seconds than the high wheel sulkies, which they supplanted, but Mr. Wright's estimate of the increased speed resulting from improvements made since the small wheels were introduced is not shared by all horsemen. Edward Benyon, who enjoys the distinction of being the only driver that has won both divisions of the Kentucky Futurity, said the other day that he considered two seconds a fair allowance for improvements in the pneumatic sulky, and this probably voices the opinion of the majority of trainers. Mr. Wright, however, stands his ground and gives his reasons for his opinion.

"Horsemen have not yet awakened to a full realization of what it means to put the driver down behind his horse in a low arch, long shaft sulky, where he escapes almost completely the resistance of the atmosphere," he said recently. "If you want to know what it means just take a whip in your hand and hold it upright while you drive a trotter a mile in 2.30. An ordinary whalebone whip presents mighty little surface to the atmosphere, yet before you have gone the mile you will find that your hand is tired from the exertion of holding it upright. Now, consider what a surface was presented by a man's body, not to mention the frame of the sulky, in those old-fashioned, high arch pneumatics, where the driver sat up above his horse, and you will begin to realize how much has been gained by the long shaft sulky, which allows the trotter's action to come in front of the axle., and the seat to be placed so low that the horse forms an almost perfect wind shield for the man behind him."

If Mr. Wright is correct there is a difference of eight seconds between the records made to high wheels and those made to modern long shaft pneumatics, and, measured by the standard of to-day, Jay-Eye-See's 2.10 is equal to 2.02, while the 2.08¾ of Maud S., made almost twenty-five years ago, is but a fraction of a second slower than the best time now on record—2.01—without artificial aid. And, according to the more conservative view of Mr. Benyon, the modern sulky alone accounts for six seconds of the seven and a quarter that have been lopped off the trotting record since the days of Maud S. and Sunol, 2.08¼.

Other advantages besides better sulkies are enjoyed by the trotters of to-day and must be considered in any comparison of old time record breakers with twentieth century champions. Great strides have been made in farriery and foot balancing, and if Jay-Eye-See and Maud S. were now in training they would probably carry only about one-half the iron with which they were weighted. Boots as well as shoes are much lighter than they were a quarter of a century ago. They are nowadays built largely of felt, with leather only at the points requiring protection. Toe weights, too, when not entirely done away with, are not nearly so heavy as in olden times. In trotting a mile the horse picks up each foot from 250 to 300 times, and every ounce of unnecessary weight that can be taken off means so much energy saved for the effort to break the record.

By doing away with much of the killing work which was deemed essential in the preparation of a trotter for a supreme effort twenty-five or thirty years ago, the trainer of to-day is able to sharpen his horse to a finer edge and thus take out of him a faster mile than when frequent repeats were the order of the day.

While marked improvements have been made in almost every other factor of speed, the trotting tracks of the present time are perhaps no better than they were when Jay-Eye-See and Maud S. were on the turf. The course at Cleveland, where the great daughter of Harold trotted in 2.08¾, was as well kept and afforded as perfect footing as any that can be found to-day.

Many attempts have been made by the record breakers of recent years to eclipse this performance of Maud S. to high wheel sulky on an oval track, and it is significant to note that all except one have failed. Nancy Hanks, the first record breaker that drew a pneumatic sulky, could never quite equal it, though Budd Doble once drove her a mile in 2.09 at Richmond, Ind. Alix, 2.03¾, the next champion, and Directum, 2.05¼, her great rival, both tried and failed. Cresceus, 2.02¼, in his best days was unable to match the record of Maud S. to high wheels. Lou Dillon made the attempt in the year in which she gained her cord of 2.01, and though she pulled a specially built sulky, fitted with ball bearing axles, she missed the mark, trotting in 2.09¼. Major Del Mar alone succeeded. Two days after he had set the world's record at 2.01¼ on the fast track at Memphis, he started to beat the 2.08¾ of Maud S. to high wheel sulky, and trotted in 2.07. This performance indicates a difference of about six seconds between the high wheels and the pneumatic, and perhaps fairly reflects the advantage which the trotter of 1904 had over the one of twenty-five years ago, but some important improvements in sulkies have been made since Major Del Mar gained his record. PLAYFAIR.

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The worst feature about nailing a lie is that you are so apt to hammer your fingers.—Puck.

A Great Discovery

THE university was holding its twelve hundredth anniversary. A great assemblage listened to the president's address:

"Science is endless," he said; "the race goes on, ever improving. Those were foolish fears of the men of the dark ages, now almost prehistoric, when this state was founded, this institution established. The social order has changed. What they called revolution, and vainly fought, has proved evolution. We have come together, on this twelve-hundredth anniversary, under these ancient stone arches, less to celebrate the past than to plan for new conquests of nature. Whispers have gone forth to the world that in our chemical laboratory strange discoveries have been made. These discoveries we give to you today, whether for human happiness or human misery will depend upon yourselves."

The audience listened with some bewilderment. In that great hall, with its arches of weather-beaten stone, more than forty thousand people were assembled, but delicate electrical machinery made the speaker's voice audible and the speaker's face clearly visible to every one in the building, and even to the thousands who sat beneath the stately oaks outside.

What was this new discovery? Would it make life better worth living? Would it give a man longer life? At least it was evident that the discovery was one of thrilling importance in the mind of the president. He spoke with the utmost earnestness. "For more than one hundred years this university has held as a sacred trust a group of scientific discoveries made by one of its students. He wrote his formulas down and sealed them for this twelve-hundredth anniversary. Three days before its celebration, the faculty of this university was to assemble, break the seals, test the formulas, and decide whether to reveal the secrets or to destroy them forever. We met; we have decided; we create a new professorship, more important, perhaps, than any other in existence on the face of the earth. We have chosen a lineal descendant of the discoverer of this group of secrets, Professor Leonard Jones Carey, and, going back to one of the almost forgotten writers of the nineteenth century, we name his chair, the chair of 'The Ethics of Dust.'"

A ripple of half-annoyed amusement ran over the audience. Was that all? Only another of those interminable modern subdivisions of biology, or psychology, or both?

But the president went on: "Professor Carey was on the right track when this event occurred. It is remarkable that all his investigations have fitted him to utilize and develop this group of new facts. Without him the Ethics of Dust would have had to wait fifty years for an interpreter. With him you can catch a glimpse of its scope to-day. It is nothing that you imagine. It is not long life; it is not money, or happiness, except incidentally. But, perhaps, it means all the things which any of you, or all of you, have ever dreamed about." And the president sat down. The wall at the back of the stage opened and revealed a laboratory, strange even to the eyes of chemists there. Professor Carey came forward, and set a curious microscope on the stand. Then he looked over the audience and spoke of the great subject.

"What we have done is to conquer the ultimate atom, and discover whether it is healthy or not. If it is diseased, it will produce disease—mental, moral, or physical, as the case may be. Every one of us has disease atoms in his system. That is what makes us die too soon; sometimes that is what makes us do wrong. When we find the diseased atom, we cannot destroy it. Nothing can. But we can now isolate it so that it can do no harm—at least not for ages to come, perhaps never again. We can force each atom—each dust-mote which floats about the world—to tell its story; can discover where it has been, and what it has done, and whether it is helpful or hurtful. Since the number of atoms in the atmosphere of the earth is now definitely ascertained, it only remains for the human race to isolate from further evil the diseased atoms as fast as possible. Then, a few centuries from now, only healthy atoms will remain. This, as I need not explain to you, must mean perfect health, and a great many other things which the newspapers will tell you about."

A great hush fell on the audience, as they understood this stupendous claim. Then murmurs and cries began to break forth, as people suddenly spoke to each other, forgetting all else in the presence of the fact. The ultimate atom had been conquered. That was what science and theology for thousands of years had said could never be done. Did it mean wiping out the secret sins, taking away the daily temptation from each one? A woman, rich, beautiful, fashionable, rose in the audience, and reached out her hands to Professor Carey. "Take away my selfishness!" she cried. A man in the prime of life, famous over the continent, rose, and called with deep voice of passion, "Take away that which once made me false to my oath!" The professor reached his hands out, and said in a tone which stilled the tempest:

"I can not. No one can. You live and die in the race. If the atoms which work you evil come to me, I will bind them fast. I cannot draw them from you. Cast them out so that humanity may put them in chains. Help others to cast them out. Help me in my work. It is atom by atom that we rebuild the ruined human temple."

The man and the woman sank back in their places and a great pent-up sigh swept over the audience, but no one spoke again.

The professor went on: "All things tell their secrets at last. Every mote of dust has its story, from the pollen-dust of the wild rose on the slopes of Chimborazo, to the star-dust left but yesterday in our atmosphere by the great comet Hierophanta. Here, in this room, there is dust from the ruins of ancient London, earthquake-swallowed five centuries ago. Out of the caves of the giant cave-bear of Europe, out of the castles of robber-barons on the Rhine, out of the depths of the ocean and the heart of the earth, these dust-motes come in our midst, after myriad wanderings, and our science can now reveal the story of each one of them all."

The professor bent, and looked through his miscroscope. "There is a flake of dust here," he said, "which we will examine. It floated on the plate just now while I was speaking." He threw a magnified reflection on a screen, till the flake of dust seemed a hundred feet across; he dropped chemicals upon it, and winnowed everything from the centre. There was the atom at last; all the rest that it had drawn to itself had disappeared.

Again the professor spoke: "It is evil, and yet you shall see it." On the screen fell the reflection of a vast drop of blood, and in the heart of the drop was a picture of strife on a desert-edge, near a palm by an altar, and a clock struck the centuries backward in the ears of the audience, till they knew that the blood was the first drop of blood ever shed in the world from man by his fellow-man.

"It is an atom," said the professor, "that makes disease wherever it goes. Now it shall wander forth no longer." He put it into one of his vials and fastened it up. Then he went on with dust-mote after dust-mote from the air about him, and showed the audience pictures of the heart-atoms of each, which thrilled and convinced every man and woman there. The assembly laughed and cried. They yielded to his mighty spell; they accepted the stupendous secret. The ultimate atom was no more a profound mystery, but a creature to be captured, named, analyzed, and imprisoned by star-eyed science.

Then the professor was asked to cast the magnified reflection of an atom on the screen without first examining it himself. He looked at the audience again with that indescribably sad expression.

"Not yet; perhaps never," he said; "I see more than I am able to tell you, more than any man, with the heart of a man, could describe. I read your hearts, I know your thoughts, I see the record of your sins, as I look upon these atoms which float in your atmosphere. My only happiness is that each one of the diseased atoms I can bind, by so much I lessen the folly, the falsehood, the evil of all sorts that fills every atmosphere, even here, even now. It is our heritage, the sad heritage of the whole human race, through ages of wretchedness and crime. I will only show you what you can bear; the rest I will carry alone." He closed his laboratory and left the stage.

The audience rose with a great sigh and went out, some few were rejoicing, but most were oppressed with the vast and mysterious forces thus newly given to the human race.

The professor, wrapped in a profound sadness, sat alone in his study; and here the president of the university found him some hours later, with his head on his desk—dead. He had written, on a piece of paper:

"After all, I think we were too ambitious. The atoms will make all of us enemies to each other. My old heart-disease is coming back, but tomorrow I shall ask the faculty to wait another fifty years."—Charles Howard Shinn, in The Argonaut.

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Piano Action

MUSIC

THE dissolution of the Vocal Music Society in 1853, as recorded in last week's chapter on the early musical history of Toronto, did not serve to impede musical progress for any great length of time. The local enthusiasm was not to be deprived of an outlet in this manner, and a new organization was soon formed under the old title of Philharmonic Society. Dr. McCaul was elected president; Mr. Fred Widder, vocal manager; Professor Croft, instrumental manager; Dr. Clarke, conductor; and Mr. F. Griebel, leader of the orchestra. Mr. Griebel, who came to Toronto with the Jenny Lind concert troupe, is said to have been the greatest violinist ever resident in this city. He was equally skilful in playing a solo, in leading the orchestra, or in interpreting chamber music; and had a remarkable talent for directing amateurs in their performances.

The first open meeting of this Philharmonic Society was held on April 25, 1854, in the University Hall, Parliament Buildings. On the programme we find a Symphony of Beethoven's, probably the first or second; the Hallelujah Chorus from the "Mount of Olives," a cornet solo set down to Mr. Harkness, said to be a clever executant; the overture to "L'Italiani"; and a violin solo, the dying scene from "Lucia," by Herr Griebel.

At the third meeting Herr Griebel played De Beriot's first concerto, and also one of Paganini's concert solos. The occasion is noteworthy for the introduction of a chamber trio—nothing less than the celebrated serenade trio of Beethoven, which was played by Herr Griebel, violin; Mr. Childs, viola; and Mr. John Ellis, violoncello. Mr. Ellis was referred to in the programme merely as "amateur," and it is characteristic of his modesty that he would never consent to the publication of his name. The chorus sang Handel's "Fixed in His Everlasting Seat."

The Society next figured at a concert in aid of the patriotic fund for the Crimean war sufferers, held in the St. Lawrence Hall, February 27, 1855. The programme was an extensive one, and included the funeral march, "Sinfonia Eroica," Beethoven; piano solo, a Mendelssohn *lied*, Mr. Haycraft; song, "Oh God, Preserve the Mourners," Miss Davis; solo and chorus, "Qui Tollis," Haydn, Mr. Hecht; fantasia on the "Cujus Animam," Mr. G. F. Hayter; song, "Ruth," Mrs. Beverley Robinson; overture to Auber's "La Sirene"; song, "I would be a Soldier," Mr. L. W. Smith; piano and violin duo on "William Tell," Messrs. Griebel and Haycraft; song, "Heroes of the Crimea," Mr. Humphreys; piano solo, "La Violette," Mr. Klophel; song, "The Sea is Merry England's," Mr. Barron (once Principal of the Upper Canada College). Every professional and amateur of note had been invited to take part in this concert; it excited unbounded enthusiasm, and was very successful. The hall was crowded and a handsome sum was realized.

About this time the Society began to suffer from a lack of funds, and in order to replenish the treasury, gave a concert on May 11, 1855. Owing to a presumed want of appreciation on the part of the public the affair fell flat, and matters were made worse. Financial difficulties increased, and thus the third Philharmonic Society which Toronto had seen was forced to disband. Perhaps a circumstance that contributed to the fall of the Society was the fact that Mr. and Miss Paige were giving a series of subscription concerts about this time, which naturally diverted a good deal of patronage.

* * *

One species of musical activity which obtains to a large extent in England is the Musical Competition Festival. Records of such published as extra supplements to The London Musical Times contain many interesting details of the nature of such contests. The festivals last from one to four days, and the competitions, while principally of a choral nature, also embrace vocal and instrumental solo work, and band and orchestra tests. In the choir work quite a variety of classes are differentiated, among which are the Elementary School, the Continuation School, Band of Hope, Girls' Friendly Societies, Male-voice, Female-voice, Mixed-voice, Church Choirs, Small Choral Societies, and Choral Societies. Contests in madrigal singing, choral sight-reading, ear-tests, etc., are undertaken. Some choir trainers enter more than one organization. It is noteworthy that one conductor, in the Ashbourne, Derbyshire, Festival, brought in no fewer than fifteen entries, and his choirs were generally successful.

The judges, or "adjudicators," as they are invariably termed, do not seem to be musicians of remarkable eminence, but they are evidently specialists in this class of work, as their names reappear in connection with various festivals. At the conclusion of a competition the contesting choirs are usually combined for the purpose of singing one of the test pieces which all alike have prepared; and a very creditable *tout ensemble* is often the result.

* * *

Throughout Canada the competition idea in musical festivals is the exception rather than the rule. This is not because we believe, with Dogberry, that "comparisons are odorous"; rather, it is to be conceded that

A. RUBINSTEIN.

they are often very tonic in their effect, even though incidentally productive of much heart-burning. The competition idea has not yet taken strong root with us, that is all.

The most notable among the exceptions is the Earl Grey Trophy competition, which has been in existence for the past three years. The warm interest which His Excellency has manifested in the progress of music in our midst has been a source of gratification to those occupied in any way with the art; and the feeling that we have a Governor-General who is so evidently a genuine lover of music should serve to give some impetus to even the humblest effort.

Our criticism might justly be made of the Earl Grey Musical Competition. The fact that that trophy is presented for the best musical performance irrespective of its special nature, whether vocal or instrumental, is somewhat of an anomaly. To attempt to judge fairly of the comparative musical merits of, for instance, an orchestra and a choral society is an *a priori* impossibility. It reminds one of the couplet which recently appeared in Life:

"Diff'rent pussons, diff'rent 'pinions;
Some likes apples, some likes inyons."

No doubt this feature will be rectified in due course, and the Governor-General's competition will gain in interest and value thereby.

* * *

In a recent issue, mention was made of the Saskatchewan Musical Competition, and word now comes of the Winnipeg Contest for Bands which was lately held. It is interesting to note that the first prize was awarded to the Portage La Prairie band under the direction of Mr. William Williams, formerly of Guelph and Preston. The second prize was awarded to the Kenora band, and the third to the Elgin organization. Mr. Paris Chambers, the noted cornet soloist, of New York, was the judge; and his comments on the three prize-winning performances are as follows:

Portage la Prairie: Intonation, attack and expression very good. The tempo in "Hearts of Oak" a little too fast. Cornet solo well played, trombone solo not so well, baritone solo very good phrasing but not always in tune, the performance, however, was very good. The next movement was entirely too fast. The "Horn Pipe" was played very well, the finale very good tempo.

Kenora: The first movement too fast. "Hearts of Oak" well played, though in the last three bars the phrasing was not good. In the cornet solo the grace notes were entirely left out; trombone solo fairly well played. In the two-four moderato the movement was entirely too fast, the baritone solo was not up to the standard and the performers did not know the text. In the "Horn Pipe" the band played too loudly and not smoothly enough. "Rule Britannia" was well played, and the tempo of the last movement, "God Save the King," very well.

Elgin: Introduction too fast; still the same fault in phrasing at the end of the strain. In the cornet solo "Cherry Ripe" the grace notes were not played. The trombone solo was not well accompanied, the altos making several wrong notes, while the duet for altos at the end of the solo was played with very shaky intonation. In moderato the two-four tempo was played entirely too fast and in the baritone solo, "Sally in Our Alley," the performers evidently did not know the text. The next movement was played fairly well, but the finale was too loud for the melody, the accompaniment overbalancing it, and the pause note on the finish was not held long enough to make any difference between the two-four tempo.

* * *

The musical competition idea is one which could be made a very attractive feature in connection with our local Industrial Exhibition; and I would suggest to the gentlemen who officially direct this enterprise that they take the matter into consideration with a view to incorporating it in the annual programme. The details of the plan should of course be left to the judgment of some competent musician. The idea would certainly be a novelty on the programme, and musical activity in all local centres would be stimulated to a commendable degree.

* * *

Mr. F. Arthur Oliver, who formerly occupied the positions of organist and choirmaster at Wesley Methodist and Westminster Presbyterian churches, is returning to Toronto after an absence of five years. During this time Mr. Oliver has been filling the position of Musical Director of the Montana State College. For one year of his tenure of this office Mr. Oliver was granted leave of absence, and spent the time in studying at Berlin, Dresden, and Leipsic. Mr. Oliver is an organ graduate of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and his many friends will be pleased to learn that he has been appointed on the staff of that institution as a teacher of piano and organ playing.

* * *

Mr. Gordon Mills has received the appointment of organist and choir leader of Chalmers church, the position vacated by Mr. Edmund Hardy. Mr. Mills will commence duties on the first of September, at which time Mr. Hardy will take up similar work at Parkdale Presbyterian church.

* * *

Mr. Frank Fulton has been appointed musical director of Upper Canada College. As the position requires residences in the College, Mr. Fulton will resign his organistship of St. Mary's R.C. church, which office he has held for some years past. Mr. Fulton will still continue his vocal studio at Gerhard Heintzman's.

ARPEGGIO.

THE passenger who was crossing the Atlantic for the first time timidly approached the pompous purser.

"Is it true, sir," he said, "that this whole ship is divided into air-tight compartments?"

"True as gospel," replied the purser, in surprise.

"Then," remarked the passenger, gloomily, "I guess I'll have to put up with the one I'm occupying, if I can't better myself!"

A MAN who was formerly a resident of a small northern town recently revisited his old home.

"What became of the Hoover family?" he asked an old friend.

"Oh," answered the latter. "Tom Hoover did very well. Got to be an actor. Bill, the other brother, is something of an artist; and Mary, the sister is doing literary work. But John never amounted to much. It took all he could lay his hands on to support the others."

The Host: "Let's have your honest opinion about this wine." The Guest: "It is worthless." The Host: "Yes, that's what Jones says about your opinion, but I want to hear it just the same."—Cleveland Leader.

Watchful Mother: "Beryl, are young Mr. Ketchley's intentions serious?" Charming Daughter: "They are, but he doesn't know it yet."—Chicago Tribune.

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A POLITICIAN, in an after-dinner speech, complained that his county was not being rightly treated in the distribution of patronage. Its experience, he said, was not unlike that of Sandy, an old plantation negro, one Christmas morning. His master asked him on Christmas Eve if he intended to hang up his stocking.

"'Deed I do, boss."

The master called Christmas morning.

"Well, Sandy, did you hang up your stocking?"

"No, boss, I couldn't find no stocking, so I hung up ma pants and tied the bottom of de laigs together."

"Well, what did you get?"

"I dunno, boss, but I 'spect a nigger—ma pants am gone."

* * *

THE president of an ocean steamship company was taking a journey across the water. When the ship was in a dangerous channel he became engaged in conversation with the pilot, an elderly man, who had spent most of his life on the water. The president of the company remarked:

Doctor: "Now, my good man, what is your complaint against No. 13?"
Patient: "Pinchin' my cod liver oil."—The Tatler.

"I suppose you know all about the dangerous places in this channel?"

"Nope," replied the pilot.

"You don't!" exclaimed the president. "Then why are you in charge of that wheel?"

"Because I know where the bad places ain't."

* * *

AN amusing adventure happened on one occasion to Dr. Clifford when he was conducting a series of services in Birmingham. Arriving a few minutes before the commencement, the doctor was refused admission by the policeman at the door.

"I want to go in," said Dr. Clifford.

"Are you a seat holder?" asked the official.

"No, I am not."

"Then you can't go in."

"I think," remarked the famous passive resister, "that there will be room for me in the pulpit."

"I am not so sure of it," retorted the other.

"But I am Dr. Clifford; and I am due to preach in another minute and a half."

"Oh, are you?" said the incredulous policeman. "I have let in two Dr. Cliffords already."

* * *

"I WANT to get this check cashed," said the young matron, appearing at the window of the paying teller.

"Yes, madam. You must indorse it, though," explained the teller.

"Why, my husband sent it to me. He is away on business," she said.

"Yes, madam. Just indorse it, sign it on the back so we will know and your husband will know we paid it to you."

She went to the desk against the wall and in a few moments presented the check, having written on its back:

"Your loving wife, Edith."

* * *

A YOUNG Englishman late one cold and wintry night, found the door of his college locked against him. The young man outside argued with the doorkeeper inside, cajoled, and entreated, but to no avail. Eventually he slipped half a sovereign under the door and was admitted. It was a financial deal wisely thought out on strict business lines. Once inside, he informed the janitor (falsely) that unfortunately, after taking the half-sovereign out of his purse, he had dropped the purse itself on the doorstep.

The attendant went out to secure it, but once on the chilly, wet doorstep, the door was slammed. Then the deal was repeated, for the shivering mercenary was not allowed into his warm abode until he had slipped the half-sovereign back again.

* * *

A WELL-KNOWN scientist was lecturing on the sun's heat, and in the course of his remarks said: "It is an established fact that the sun is gradually losing its heat, and in the course of some seventy millions of years it will be exhausted; consequently this world of ours will be dead and, like the moon, unable to support any form of life."

At this juncture a member of his audience rose in an excited manner and said:

"Pardon me, professor, but how many years did you say it would be before this calamity overtakes us?"

The Professor: "Seventy millions, sir.

"Thank God," was the reply. "I thought you said seven millions!"

* * *

LIEUT. SHACKLETON, in a speech which he made in reply to the toast of his health at the dinner given at the Savoy hotel, told an interesting story of politeness in the untrodden regions of the Antarctic. His party, he said, were always extremely good-humored and polite, and one professor in particular attained a degree of politeness unusual under such trying circumstances.

"Are you busy, Mawson?" he called out one night to another member of the party who was in the tent.

"I am," said Mawson.

"Very busy?" said the professor.

"Yes. Very busy."

"If you are not too busy, Mawson, I am down a crevasse."

The professor was found hanging down a crevasse by four fingers, a position which he could not have occupied for any length of time.

* * *

AS the celebrated soprano began to sing, little Johnnie became greatly exercised over the gesticulations of the orchestra conductor.

"What's that man shaking his stick at her for?" he demanded indignantly.

"Sh-h! He's not shaking his stick at her."

But Johnnie was not convinced.

"Then what in thunder's she hollering for?"

* * *

THE young Oriental understood ordinary methods and occurrences very well in his new California abiding-place, but occasionally found a puzzle.

"Japanese boy pretty smart when he can speak American in a year," he said "but Missouri boy he speak good after he has been here only six months."

* * *

A WIDELY known clergyman was one afternoon pacing the deck of a steamship that was bringing him back to this country when he chanced to observe a pair of individuals more than usually seasick. One, the woman, reclining in her steamer chair, exhibited that pallor of *mal de mer* that betrays utter despair and indifference to whatever may come; and the other, a man, just as ill as the lady, was crouched at her feet with his head in her lap, looking for all the world like a poor friendless dog that had sought comfort of the nearest living being.

So deeply touched by this unhappy spectacle was the good divine that he approached the wretched couple and inquired of the woman in his most sympathetic tones whether there was any assistance he could render.

The woman shook her head, sadly murmuring, "There is none, thanks."

Then after a moment's pause, the clergyman suggested:

"Perhaps, then, I may be of some service to your husband here."

Without so much as moving her head, the unfortunate merely glanced indifferently at the head in her lap. Then, in a tone indicating her complete lack of interest in her companion in misery, she replied faintly:

"He isn't my husband. I—I—don't know who he is."

* * *

DOLLIE, an Irish domestic, was one afternoon doing certain odd bits of work about the place when her mistress found occasion to rebuke her for one piece of carelessness.

"You haven'e wound the clock, Mollie," said she. "I watched you closely, and you gave it only a wind or two. Why didn't you complete the job?"

"Sure, mum, ye haven't forgot that I'm leaving to-morrer, have ye?" asked Mollie. "I ain't goin' to be doin' anny of the new gyurl's work!"

* * *

HE was a long, lean, lanky fellow with a complexion as brown as a berry and an eye as blue as the summer skies. Any one looking at him for the first time could hardly have failed to guess that he came from that section of the country where mother's pies are as good, and therefore as popular as they ever were, and as he entered the hotel and planked his carpet-bag on the counter the room-clerk winked at the fellows about the office, as much as to say, "Watch me dazzle the Reub."

"Good morning, sir," he said, politely.

"Mornin'," said the farmer. "Got a place where a feller can sleep here?"

"Yes, I guess so," said the clerk. "Do you want a room with a bath?"

"Wa-al I dun'no'," said the farmer. "It all depends. If your rooms is so all-fired dirty they need a bath, I reckon I do."

* * *

WHEN a stranger first went to Panama, and knew nothing of the Spanish language, the only replies he got to questions he asked of the natives was *no se* (don't know) and *manana* (to-morrow). Everywhere he went, to every question he asked, it was *no se* and *manana*. Again and again he heard them—day after day—and finally decided to ask no more questions. About the third day in Panama he saw a funeral procession passing the hotel.

"Whose funeral is it?" he asked of a man standing beside him.

"*No se.*"

"D——n glad of it," he ejaculated, in disgust. "And I hope that *manana* fellow will die to-morrow."

* * *

A CERTAIN lady in Paris gives periodical dinners, at which assemble most of the best-known wits and *literati* of the day. The rule of the mansion is that while one person discourses, no interruption whatever can be permitted.

It is said that M. Renan once attended one of these dinners, and, being in excellent vein, talked without a break during the whole repast. Toward the end of the dinner, a guest was heard to commence a sentence; but he was instantly silenced by the hostess. After they had left the table, however, she at once informed the extinguished individual that, as M. Renan had now finished his conversation, she would gladly hear what he had to say. The guest modestly declined; the hostess insisted.

"I am certain it was something of consequence," she said.

"Alas, madame," he answered, "it was, indeed; but now it is too late! I should have liked a little more of that iced pudding."

Mistress: "Well, Mary, have you found out what has become of the remainder of the pigeon pie?"
Mary (returned from voyage of investigation below): "Please, Mum, Cook says I ate it!"—Punch.

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The Porch Hen.

THE porch hen is a creature indigenous to the summer. In the winter she undoubtedly hibernates, gathering strength for her annual migration to the seashore.

Stray porch hens may be seen on almost every summer hotel piazza as early as the first week in June. In the latter part of the month they become more numerous until, during the months of July and August, they collect in large groups.

Being gregarious, they are seldom seen alone, but it is quite common for them to range in pairs.

The chief occupation of the porch hen is to sit in rocking chair and while doing light fancy work, pick to pieces every reputation that comes into sight. Their habits, however, may be described more minutely as follows:

The porch hen rises from seven to eight in the morning. She would rather sleep till nine, but by so doing she would be missing valuable time, and by getting into the dining-room late, would not get as good a meal. After breakfast, she goes about among the young girl guests of the hotel, this being the time when they are within reach, and finds out all the news of the day—who is coming, etc. She then reads her mail and the morning paper, and goes to the beach to watch the bathing.

The porch hen never bathes herself. She would have to lock herself in for half an hour at the very time when something worth seeing might be going on.

She follows the last bather back to the hotel and then enters the dining-room, and stuffs herself for three-quarters of an hour. Then the real business of the day begins.

At three o'clock she joins her group of other porch hens who have been similarly engaged, and with concerted movements they proceed to lay bare every scandal, every possible proceeding on the part of every one remote or near, who is connected with the company whom they have under dissection. Nothing is omitted and naught set down save in malice.

Along about five-thirty, when the porch hen has grouped, in the card index system that she calls her mind, all the information obtained up to that moment, she hurries upstairs, makes her evening toilet, and once more descends upon her prey.

The porch hen is hungry. She is always hungry. It has been demonstrated that those who are mentally engaged in such a business enterprise as gossip about one's neighbors require more nourishment than the hands who work on railroads. So she eats her third hearty meal, lingering over it voraciously and leaving it reluctantly, and once more mingles with her victims.

The music has begun. The dancing starts up.

Lovers steal away into dark corners.

Certain husbandless wives smile at alien escorts.

Meanwhile the porch hen, well wrapped up in her cashmere shawl, conceals herself in a shadow and with eagle eye watches the gay procession.

Later, when she retires, she kneels metaphorically and says:

"O Lord, give us this day our daily scandal."—Life.

Seventy-five Dollars for a Dinner.

WE are all of us apt to feel that a certain sum spent for a certain thing is extravagance, while the same sum expended for something else is not undue extravagance on the part of an almost pauper.

Well, here is Macænas, Junior, spends seventy-five dollars for a dinner with wine and gets so befuddled at it that next day he is not sure whether he dined at all, but he has a dim recollection that some lobster disagreed with him.

How widely extravagant to spend so large a sum and get so little for it! No man but a millionaire would ever do such a thing.

Still, I'm not sure that we won't find that Jack M. Pekunios, who is glad to make a thousand dollars a year by the sale of his landscapes, has spent just the same amount and got as little for it.

He had a year's lease of his house, for which he paid twenty-five dollars a month, and on the first of June he left it and went down to Provincetown to paint for three months. But his rent for his unused house went on just the same. He handed out seventy-five dollars for not even a dinner with wine. He didn't try to sublet it. Said it would be too much bother.

Old Alexander Q. Crœsus has the notion that he hasn't much time for pleasure, so he and his wife—who is deaf—go to the Opera but once in a season, and it costs them ten dollars.

Little Eleanor Shaminart—whose name belies her, for she is genuine clear through—has lots of time in the evenings, but she hasn't much money. Yet she spends just as much on the Opera as Crœsus does, only she gets fifty cent seats and goes twenty times.

Anyone can afford anything if he thinks he can.—Charles Battell Loomis, in August Smart Set.

THE WORLD'S TALLEST MONARCH
A remarkable painting of King Gustav of Sweden, by himself.

A Plea.

AT the season's hats I shall not rail,
Nor call them grotesque nor strange;
My optimism shall still prevail,
Next season the styles may change.

I do not mind fifteen yards of lace,
Twelve feathers, and one big wreath;
But, oh, I dread to see th face
That perhaps may be hid beneath!

I've seen brave hats of a noble size,
That rested on shoulders square;
And I hoped the wearer had roguish eyes,
And curly golden hair.

And when I looked—well, never mind that!
But this boon I would fain beseech:
Pray, Fashion, ordain that the peach-basket hat
Shall only be worn by a peach!
—Carolyn Wells, in Harper's Weekly.

Strange Story of a Poet.

IT is not always that a poet's genius is acknowledged during his lifetime, and it is rarer still for the acknowledgment to be made known to the poet. This idea just occurred in Paris under the auspices of the review La Poetique and a brilliant committee of men and women of letters, who have succeeded in making the voice of Humilis heard as a cry of love for love's sake.

"Savoir Aimer" ("To Know How to Love") is the title of the book containing the verses, says The Gentlewoman, which would have been lost but for the memory of a zealous friend, Count Leonce de Larmandie.

Thirty years ago Humilis was a clerk in the Ministry of Public Works, side by side with two Bohemian spirits, Leonce de Larmandie and Camille de Sainte-Croix. Humilis left the office in consequence of a duel with a comrade who had banged the door.

"The door," said Humilis, "is my servant. I cannot allow my servant to be outraged!"

This speech was the starting point of the madness that developed later. Some time after this incident M. de Larmandie met Humilis writing verses on a barrack wall, revolting verses, but revealing a mind of no ordinary power. That same night the poet recited his work to his friend and gave him the manuscript that has now made him famous.

With a madman's tenacity he forbade the copying of his work and insisted on having it returned to him as promised, without having it shown to any one. The poems fired the imagination of M. de Larmandie and he learned them by heart, thus saving them from destruction, for the original manuscript has disappeared, buried perhaps in some hole in Aix, the poet's birthplace.

During several years he led the life of a saint, walking during fourteen months barefooted from one pilgrimage to another, from France to Spain, from Spain to Italy, living on nuts and fruits and the bread of charity. For a while he disappeared. His friends made inquiries and at last the information came from Aix in Provence that the man they sought was a beggar on the steps of the Cathedral. For eight years he had begged and made sufficient to keep himself alive—tenpence a day, said the police. For they knew him well, with his long beard, his monk's dress, a cross in cloth upon his breast. They also knew his name, but for many reasons it is not made public, and he will be Humilis forever, as Verlaine is Verlaine, and Villiers de l'Isle Adam and Mallarme are known—the "accursed poets," as Humilis called them, because they were unrecognized.

IMPORTANT EDUCATIONAL FACTOR.

If one stops to think how quickly, a factor, practically without interest a few years ago, can become tremendously powerful in what might be termed over-day, they will recognize what merit that factor must have. Few, if any of the recent inventions show such marked tendencies in this respect as the Phonograph. A few years ago this wonderful instrument was looked upon with mixed pleasure and indifference. To-day the personally conducted compositions of Strauss, Herbert and such composers, as well as the vocal renditions of the world's greatest artists, may be heard, one might say, for the asking.

Through such influences, it is not any wonder we no longer hear "ragtime" as it used to be, but in its stead, an elevating class of music both new and old, sacred and secular, that has brought the Phonograph to such a state of perfection that many musicians are using them to-day as an aid to their art.

As a commercial factor their position will be appreciated if one drops in to such attractive and comfortable parlors as may be seen at 143 Yonge Street, where the R. S. Williams & Sons Co. have especially equipped an exquisite suite.

TORONTO'S NEW STORE FOR WOMEN.

Greater Toronto! And its enterprising citizens have great faith that it will be great in more than name and the wideness of its area, for every day one hears of new shops, new manufacturing concerns, and the expansion of already established enterprises. The latest to take its place in the line of progress is the new store for women at 282 Yonge street, to be opened for business by The A. F. McQuarrie Co. The opening day has been fixed for Monday next, July 26, in the heat of summer to be sure, but it's never out of season to interest women in pretty and fashionable things to wear, and on that day Mr. McQuarrie, who has for years made a special study of the ready-to-wear garment trade growth, promises Toronto ladies an advance view of a marvelously well selected stock of the newest New York, London and Paris styles in ladies' suits, costumes, skirts, coats, cloaks, waists, neckwear, belts and other wearing novelties, "the last word" from the fashion centres of the world, charming in variety, exclusive in design, great values and the "popular priced" idea, not the least argument for inviting every lady who appreciates stylish dress to be present on the opening days to pass her judgment. "The Ladye's Shoppe" is most conveniently situated and easy to reach from all parts of the city.

A novelty in golf competitions has been tried at the Dunwoodie club and they intend to hold one there each year. Other clubs, the members feel confident, will take up the idea, and they hope such announcements will be that the play is under "theDinwoodie system." The plan places a premium on thinking golf and the fun rests in the variance between the mental and physical control of the ball. The competition is called the subsequent club fixture. Before playing the first stroke the competitior must name the club he will use for the subsequent stroke, and so on. For instance, when approaching to a green over a bunker the player would naturally name the putter for his subsequent stroke. Should he miss, the putter would have to be taken to get out of the hazard, which is one of many complications that may arise. The winner at Dunwoodie was George Lawson, 85, 9—76. The prize was a handsome cup presented by the club's four Thespians, Messrs. Torrance, Hare, Tyler, and R. Paton Carter, the latter the originator of the subsequent club plan of play.

He (just rejected): "I shall never marry now." She: "Foolish man! Why not?" He: "If you won't have me, who will?"—Boston Transcript.

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During July and August we close daily at 5 p. m. Saturday 1 p. m.

Oriental Rugs

At 25 per cent. Discount

We have sold a large number of our Oriental Rugs at our Special July prices. One of the chief charms of an Oriental Rug is the mystery of its symbols. Like many of its wondrous dyes, they are secret and have perplexed and baffled students for centuries. What wonder, then, that even later reproductions charm us with their mystery and beauty. The grounds vary greatly in color and design. Deep greenish blue, transparent coral and wood tones, some have touches of amethyst blues, others rich ruby and shades of dull mahogany, and many more typically Oriental in their play of light and shade.

All on sale at 25 per cent. OFF the marked prices.

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H.R.H. Duke of Connaught,
The Lord Mayor of London,
The Lord Mayor of Dublin, etc., etc.
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English Songs.

THE great audiences which attend the recurring national sangerfests show how firmly the German folk-song has established itself in the affections of the American people observes the Chicago Musical Leader and Concertgoer). It is not Germans only who go to the sangerfests as listeners, and it is not only Germans who take an active part in them. One of the best choruses in the Sangerbund, we are informed, is made up of Welsh coal miners living in Pennsylvania. In order that they may sing the beautiful German songs these men have tediously mastered the difficult German language. There are Irishmen in some of the choruses, too, and in nearly all of them there are Americans whose connections with the German soil is very remote.

All of this indicates how much may be accomplished in music by persistent endeavor. The Germans love their national music, and by devoting their leisure to singing it they have made all other races love it, too. The same thing, we believe, might be done for the folk-music of any other nation. If the public had frequent opportunity, for example, to hear the ancient part songs of old England it would be awake to their surpassing beauty.

The English madrigals deserve to be rescued from their dusty library shelves. They reflect, for all their studied polyphony, that bubbling joy in life which marked Tudor England. Something of the Elizabethans' delight in spring sunshine and the open road is in them. Like Elizabethan lyric verse, they express the emotions of an efficient and optimistic race. Many of them, true enough, are extremely difficult for modern singers, but that fact only adds to their interest.

Toward the middle of the seventeenth century the madrigal began to decline in the face of the prevailing movement toward prettiness. By 1667 we find busy Mr. Pepys rejoicing in its passing. Pepys was what we moderns have come to call, with graphic justice, a low-brow. An oboe cadenza, on his own unblushing confession, moved him to crocodile tears, but "the manner of setting words and repeating them out of order, and that with a number of voices," made him sick. Pepys' voice, it would appear, was *vox populi*, for the madrigal retired to the libraries.

Then came the glee—one of the very few forms of musical composition native to British soil. The glee was far less complex than the madrigal. Like the German folk-song, it made scarcely any demand upon vocal technic. Anyone with a healthy glottis could help out at glee singing, and for eighty years nearly everyone in England did so. The famous Madrigal Society, formed in 1741 to revive the madrigal, was soon singing glees, and in 1783 came the Glee Club. They were the delight of philosopher and peasant alike. Herbert Spencer, as a youth, found his chief recreation in glee singing, and so did Charles Dickens.

The rise of the music-hall song, in the 'seventies, obliterated the glee, and to-day it is almost forgotten. But only intelligent effort is needed, we believe, to restore it to its old place.

The new Royal Infirmary at Manchester, Eng., recently opened by the King.

The American people, whose love for music, if untutored, is at least boundless, would hail it with joy. Here is an opportunity for our English-born choirmasters. Let them turn aside, now and then, from their anthems and give us a taste of the beautiful music of their country. They have the voices at hand, and they should be able to find the time.

Commencement Time.

BEHOLD the girlie graduate,
The sweetest thing in town;
Does she perpend on Greek and Math
With coyly thoughtful frown?
Do Zoo and Psch her mind attract
And all their knotted clan
Of kindred spooks in musty books,
Or is it just—a man?

Behold her brother graduate
With forehead tall and scarred.
Does he reflect on cultured thoughts,
Approved with classic bard?
Do Euclid, Homer, Adam Smith
Involve him in a whirl
Of learned stuff in problems tough,
Or is it just—a girl?

—New York Times.

Drew the Line at a Baby.

"A GREAT deal is written about the good nature of our crowds," said the baseball fan, "but I had an example the other day which nearly convinced me all this talk is just nonsense. New York and Philadelphia were playing a game, and about the second inning a fairly well dressed man with a bulging souse got up in his seat and started to utter the more or less senseless cries of his kind.

"The crowd seemed to think him very funny. Truth to tell he was really annoying, and I was not surprised when a man arose suddenly and commanded him to keep quiet. The man who did this was well dressed and apparently a gentleman, so the crowd went for him. They called him sorehead and snob and called attention to his hatband of parallel yellow stripes as indicative of his lack of courage.

"Not only that, but pieces of paper and even a cushion flew his way. The offensive drunken man, moreover, was exhorted to keep on and the crowd was apparently genuinely sorry when he left not long afterward.

"All very well that, but about five minutes after Mr. Bun went his staggering way out a baby brought by its mother began to cry. Immediately the crowd threw dagger glances in the woman's direction and cries came, 'Take that kid out!' and advice was given to choke off the noise. The woman soon left under such a fire.

"Oh, yes, American crowds are good natured—when they feel like it."—New York Sun.

Mother (complainingly) — Will seems to have forgotten us at college. His letters are so short. Father (tersely)—So is Will when he writes 'em.—Baltimore American.

The New Butler—I beg pardon, sir. Would you mind my keeping a private auto of me own, sir, to use when I'm not wanted, sir? I find the fresh air chirks me up a bit!—Life.

Niagara on the Lake ::

ONE of the largest and jolliest dances of the season was held in the Queen's Royal Casino Saturday evening. Some of those present were Capt. and Mrs. Van Straubenzee, Mrs. Case, Mrs. Lancing, Miss Sarah Lancing, Miss Miller, Miss Foy, Miss Garrett, Miss Louise Ford, Miss Arnoldi, Miss Hope Wigmore, Miss Violet Edwards, Miss Smith, Mrs. Coffin, Miss Geddes, Mr. and Mrs. Barn, Mr. and Mrs. Moncrieff, Mrs. Ramsey, Miss Crysler, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Thompson, Dr. and Mrs. Suggs, Fort Niagara, Mrs. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Benedict, Miss Patti Warren, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Russell, Miss Eckersley. Some of the men present were Capt. Young, Mr. Harold Suydam, Mr. Grey, Mr. Moncrieff, Mr. Smith, Mr. Cole, Mr. Dowie, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Warden, Mr. Towers, Dr. Johnston, Mr. Patterson, and others.

Mr. and Mrs. Glackmeyer, Toronto, are the guests of Miss Chittenden of the River road.

Miss Miller, Toronto, is the guest of Mrs. John Foy.

Mrs. Gearey, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. E. Conley, Washington, D.C., arrived in town last week to spend the rest of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Russell, Toronto, spent the week-end at the Queen's Royal.

Miss Mary Colquhoun is spending a few weeks in town.

Mrs. Porter, of Niagara Falls, N.Y., and Miss Sizer, of Buffalo, are spending a few weeks in town.

MARCELL.

Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS.

BEGG—At 90 Kendal avenue, Saturday morning, July 17, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Begg, a daughter.

GOODERHAM—On Thursday, July 15, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Gooderham, Bedford Park, a son.

McARTHUR—On Saturday, July 17, 1909, at Monte Bello, Quebec, to Mr. and Mrs. Reginald E. McArthur, a son.

BOURNE—At Canora, Sask., on July 16, 1909, the wife of G. G. Bourne, Canadian Bank of Commerce, of a son.

TARR—On July 19, 1909, at Winnipeg, to Mr. and Mrs. Edgar J. Tarr, a son.

MARRIAGE.

SINCLAIR—THOMPSON—At St. James' Square Presbyterian Church, Toronto, on Wednesday, July 21, 1909, by the Rev. Dr. R. Douglas Fraser, Dr. Alexander Sinclair, of Owen Sound, to Madge Bond, daughter of Christopher Thompson, of Midland.

DEATHS.

SPENCE—At 348 Palmerston Boulevard on Tuesday, July 20, 1909, Charles Spence, in his 62nd year.

WILHELMJ—At Volkers, Bavaria, July 14, 1909, August Wilhelmj, formerly a resident of Toronto, and a son of the late August Wilhelmj, London, England.

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Monday morning at eight o'clock the doors of this handsome new business premises will swing in, and you will be heartily welcomed to our opening day fashion fete, when we will show a very superb collection of the newest ideas in ladies' ready-to-wear garments in suits, costumes, coats, cloaks, skirts, waists, neckwear and other things. Advance styles—specially imported—specially bought—just such a stock as will charm any and every lady who may honor us with her presence at one of the most perfectly fitted and best appointed stores in the city. Feel free to come and look without feeling any obligation to buy. Let us get acquainted the first day—the profit to you and us will follow. COME.

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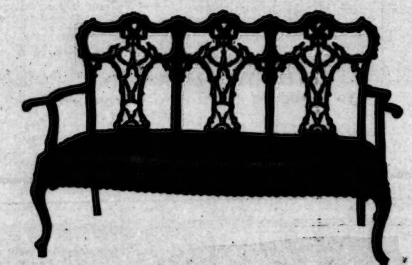

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OFFERING AT $61 PER SHARE OF
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DULUTH-SUPERIOR TRACTION COMPANY

CAPITALIZATION:		
	Bonds, 5%	$2,500,000
	Preference Stock, 4%	1,500,000
	Common Stock	3,500,000

WE OFFER FOR SALE 15,000 FULL PAID SHARES OF $100 PAR VALUE EACH, AT $61 PER SHARE, as follows:

$10 per share with subscription.

$51 per share within five days from notice of allotment.

Applications will be made in due course to have the common stock listed upon the Toronto, Montreal and New York Stock Exchanges, and Transfer Agencies will be established in these cities.

Mr. Goodrich, who is peculiarly fitted for valuable service through his successful experience in charge of construction and operation of the Twin City Rapid Transit Company and of this company, continues indefinitely as President of the Duluth-Superior Traction Company, and remains a large shareholder.

DIVIDEND

The earning record, present position and prospects of the company are such that the directors have authorized a statement that they intend to pay, on October 1 of this year, the first regular quarterly dividend upon the common stock, at the rate of four per cent. per annum.

At $61 per share the present yield on the investment is 6.55%.

FRANCHISES AND POWER

Particulars of the company's franchises and power agreement are on file and may be seen at our offices.

The company's franchises are broad and have, at least, twenty-two years to run.

DIRECTORS

The directors of the company are:—C. G. GOODRICH, President, Minneapolis, Minn.; L. MENDELHALL, Vice-President, Duluth, Minn.; EDMUND ZACHER, New Haven, Conn., and HORACE LOWRY, Minneapolis, RODOLPHE FORGET, M.P., Montreal, Que., and A. E. AMES, Toronto, Ont., are to be added to the board at the annual meeting next January. They also join the board of the operating company, the Duluth Street Railway Co., at its annual meeting, to be held during the present or the following month.

SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS

Subscription books are now open at our offices and will close not later than four o'clock on Tuesday, the 27th inst. The right is reserved to allot only such subscriptions and for such amounts as may be approved, and to close the subscription books without notice.

SUBSCRIPTIONS UNDER THE TERMS OF THE PROSPECTUS MAY BE FORWARDED BY MAIL OR BY TELEGRAM AT OUR EXPENSE.

Full prospectuses have been published in the newspapers, and copies may be had on application at our offices.

We recommend purchases of these shares from the standpoint of security, present dividend yield, and enhancement of value of the principal.

A. E. AMES & CO., Limited, 7 and 9 King Street East, Toronto
R. FORGET, 83 Notre Dame Street West - - Montreal

Automobile Notes.

A motorist named R. W. Sandford, of Sydney, is making a remarkable auto trip across the pathless deserts of Australia. He is going from Sydney, at the south-eastern side of the island, to Carpentaria, on the north. He is traversing country wild and desolate, through which no other automobile has ever attempted to force its way. The distance between the two points, as the crow flies, is about 1,300 miles. Necessarily, the car will travel many more miles than that because of the fact that no route has been laid out for it and much of the time it will be traversing roadless wastes.

* * *

"A friend of mine," said an automobile expert, "was doing some rather tall speeding one summer on a road that had a tollgate every five miles or so. My friend was in a great hurry. He was trying, on a heavy wager, to break a record; hence it angered him when he came to a closed gate to see the tollkeeper continue reading his paper and make no effort to let the car through.

"'Now, then, my man, hurry up and open the gate!' shouted my friend. 'Are you asleep there?'

"'You're No. 7004B, ain't ye?' said the gatekeeper without rising from his chair.

"'Yes, that's right. Hurry up!'

"'Oh, there's lots of time!' said the gatekeeper. 'You ain't due here yet for eighteen minutes, accordin' to what the last gatekeeper has just telephoned me.'"

* * *

Charles Clifton, president of the A.L.A.M., writing in The New York Herald, offers some excellent advice to drivers and owners of automobiles. He points out that careful driving will not only lessen the expense of motoring but will break down the prejudice against the automobile that still exists, especially in the rural districts. On the latter score the advice given is right in line with that beng constantly published by the Ontario Motor League and other intelligent organizations of motorists. Mr. Clifton says:

Automobile owners, as a rule, in discussing their costs generally name the great item of expense as being tires, and in that connection they are quite inclined to arraign the makers of pneumatic tires as being responsible for this condition. These statements are an individual expression of opinion based on more or less experience, and doubtless justified in part by the records of bills paid.

These remarks in the same sense are an individual expression of opinion based upon the same facts and are contributed in the hope that they may suggest a way of reducing the sum total of tire bills, as well as leading in the direction of safer and saner methods in driving and, in the last analysis, greater pleasure from motor cars.

There are three prime factors responsible for short tire life. First, excessive speed, especially during the warm months; second, changes in direction at a high rate of speed, and, third, excessive and unnecessary use of mechanical brakes. My experience has gone to prove that, punctures excepted, the life of tires is enormously prolonged by avoiding the above three cardinal enemies of the pneumatic tire.

So much for the direct money cost, but if these three cardinal principles are insisted upon by owners, the liability of accident will be reduced to a minimum and all the high costs incident to property and personal damage Accidents will also be reduced, as well as wear and tear mentally on an owner in connection therewith. In other words, sanity in the use of the motor car is an incalculable money value which no owner should ignore.

The reverse of the proposition is an unnecessary extravagance which, if indulged in, should not carry with it an invective against the tire manufacturer or the manufacturer of the car. In other words, the responsibility for high costs in running expenses is absolutely in the hands of the owner, or perhaps more directly in the hands of the driver. Excessive speed under all conditions is done at high cost, which can only be reduced by the adoption of sane methods.

To go a step further in this line of reasoning I wish to plead for saneness in the use of highways—not only in the matter of excessive speed but also in the relation which should subsist between those who ride in cars and those who use the roads in other and older ways. The antagonism of the farmer against the automobile is mainly the result of a series of circumstances which to "the other fellow" seems like a succession of outrages.

It would be well for the driver of the automobile to realize that the other fellow used the highway, more or less unmolested, ever since there were highways; that, while he may feel he has pre-emption, that pre-emption goes no further than the joint use. For the driver of a car to assume to use more than his share of the road, to make of his vehicle a menace, or at the very least a nuisance, to other users is a very natural cause for antagonism. The users and drivers of automobiles can, by sane driving, do the larger part in accomplishing a reversal of this sentiment, and in any event only fair play will eliminate the present friction.

Red Roses.

WHEN first I saw the Road of Love,
Whereon I longed to tread,
Methought 'twas strewn from end to end
With roses, roses red.

Yet when myself I walked the road,
No roses there I knew;
These but red footprints on the path,
Wherein I followed, too.

Oh, weary is the Road of Love,
For all it seemeth fair,
And weary, weary are the feet
That leave red roses there.

And would to those who follow me
Some warning I might say—
Yet I myself once only saw
Red roses all the way.

—Theodosia Garrison, in The Smart Set.

The Very Bad Brass Band.

"NEXT to a very good band," said Mr. MacWhimpleton, "I like best a very poor band. There is something about the music of a very poor band that always pleases me greatly. I don't suppose it's the discord exactly nor yet the mere tumult; I guess it's the general riotousness of it, its freedom from all rule.

"That's it, particularly, I guess, its general emancipatedness, its complete, ecstatic, triumphant freedom from every form of restraint. Life commonly is such a constant uniform struggle within hard set bounds that any sort of freedom seems delightful.

"In this very matter of band music, now, you take the music of a good band. How long have its members had to struggle and work to produce music like that? How many weary hours of practice, blowing the same notes over and over and over again until they have reached the desired perfection of execution? Do we like that music? Why, of course we do; we love it. It is soothing and grateful, suave and beautiful, it is altogether lovely; but it is music with gyves on it.

"Now you take the music of the very bad brass band. How different! No slavery for you there, but freedom quite untrammelled; the whole band out of tune and no two instruments in harmony, each player with his eyes glued to his own notes and playing as he will, intent only on his own performance, the bass horn man blowing out thunder in massive if somewhat irregular chunks; the B flat cornet fairly lacerating the atmosphere with desultory sections of resonant barbed wire, the barytone finding his horn plugged now and then, but blowing the note plugs out finally in a bunch that may not march up very well with the rest of the players, but that shows he's got the horn clear.

"Hear now the curious convolutions of unrelated sound produced by the trombone man, and listen, will you listen, to the piccolo! Is not this the star of all the pounders of the sheepskin, the deadly earnest man that beats the big bass drum? Where could you find another such aggregation? Nowhere, probably; which to some folks may be pleasing, but not to me.

"I love to hear them play. It soothes, refreshes and stimulates me; it makes me take a joyous view; it is something out of the routine; a few minutes, at least, of something totally, absolutely different.

"Mine is not the hardest life in the world, and still it is, like most men's lives, more or less of a grind, and at times I long for freedom, and when thus I crave relief from care, from all the hard and steady grind of life with its set and studied ways, why, then, I find freedom and joy unmeasured in music unstudied and unbridled in the blessed uproar and chaos of a very bad brass band."—New York Sun.

Queehawkett Notes.

THE table at the Jigsaw House is very much better this season than last, three new legs and an extra leaf having been added to it by the village carpenter since the house closed last year.

The music at the Spouting Rock House this season will be furnished by Annie Bosbyshell, William Peavey, and Silas Hopkins, who have formed themselves into the Queehawkett Quartette, the fourth member being a snare drum which Mr. Peavey, our most talented trombonist, manipulates with his foot.

The two-hole golf-course in Smithers' pasture has been fitted out with a new hole since last season which allows a short approach and as many putts as you please. It is sixteen yards long, and the green extends for six inches around the cup. The President has been invited to play over it while he is in New England.

The fishing in Queehawkett Pond is very interesting this year. Wilbur Watkins landed a Panama hat and a six-pound coal-scuttle in less than two hours' trolling there last Thursday.

The town is filling up rapidly with the summer folks. We counted two new faces at the post office on Saturday afternoon.

The new bath-tub in the Palace Hotel on Main street is very much admired. It was installed by local talent, and bids fair to be a popular feature of summer life at our most aristocratic caravansary. It is said to hold seven buckets of water.

A well-known detractor of our popular village having stated that he saw a mosquito in Queehawkett last Sunday, we caused an investigation to be made, and all the testimony we can gather that is at all reliable, goes to show that what he really saw was a chicken-hawk.

We are in receipt of the Agusut bill of fare from Colonel Whibley, the popular manager of The Island View, and are delighted to learn from a careful perusal of it that Mrs. Whibley's inimitable rhubarb pies will again be available for the epicure visiting our midst.

Thanks to the special arrangement made by our enterprising postmaster, we are glad to announce that the city newspapers will arrive at Queehawkett on Wednesdays evenings during the summer season, instead of Thursdays as heretofore.—Harper's Weekly.

Prof. Karl Lohmeyer, of Konigsberg, who died at Dantzic at the age of seventy-seven, was born without arms. A special permit was granted to allow his entry into the university service. His students opened and shut doors for him, but he turned the pages of books with his mouth, and could sign his name firmly with a pen held between his teeth.

Major: "It's pretty certain we shall have to fight 'em in the course of the next few years." Subaltern: "Well, let's hope it'll come between the polo and the huntin'."—Punch.

"Dad, what sort of a bureau is a matrimonial bureau?" "Oh, any bureau that has five drawers full of women's fixings and one man's tie in it."—Houston Post.

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The Ghost of William John

(Continued from page 9.)

me again to-morrow, Mr. Henderson. I'll make up my mind by then."

Ezekiel settled his hat on the back of his head and rose to go. "Good night, Mis' Ray," he said with an elaborate bow, "I'll be over first thing in the morning."

"If her answer's 'no,'" he said to himself as he slammed the parlor door, "I'll go down to Butt's Centre to-morrow night an' propose to Phoebe Goodhue. I just don't calculate they'll both refuse, an' Phoebe's a mighty slick worker, though she ain't got the tidy bit o' land the widow Ray has."

Mehitable Ann watched him down the road, then leaned her arms on the broad window ledge and looked up beyond the low-lying Henderson farm opposite, to the stretch of hills outlined in the distance 'gainst the shadowy grey of the evening sky.

The faint fragrant smell of the earth, still damp from an afternoon shower, filled the air; the roses swayed by the breeze nodded and smiled like a perfumed fringe about the casement. Stretching out her hand Mehitable Ann picked a creamy old-fashioned bud that hung just within reach. "We planted it long ago, William John and I," she said softly, as she rubbed the delicate petals against her face.

"There's acres and acres of green stuff over to Henderson's, but I guess the blossoms down to the potato patch is all the flowers he's got on the place. Somehow William John was different, but life's so lonely—" Her voice trailed off into a sob as she fell to dreaming of the last few years of widowhood with their utter lack of companionship, and their heart-breaking loneliness. In the chaos of memories she could find only one ray of light and that led away from William John and the past to Ezekiel and the future.

Kneeling by the window she prayed with all the strength of her superstition-burdened soul for help to choose aright; for a sign that she could understand.

As if in answer to her prayer a bird in the elm by the gate broke into gentle twittering to his mate, and the sound gave her new courage and hope.

"It's not wicked to be lonely, only natural, and William John will understand," she thought joyfully, as she leaned from the window and called softly, "Jacky, Jacky-e-e."

Her voice rose in prolonged cadence on the air, then slowly fell and died away in the stillness of the night. "Jacky-Jacky-e-e," mocked the echo in still solemn tones, "Jacky-e-e."

With a vague sense of impending evil, a feeling that something fearsome and intangible was abroad, a belief that the mockery of the echo brought disaster with it, she turned to leave the room, but stopped short, and uttered a faint cry. Her heart seemed to stop beating, then thumped on tumultuously. Her throat contracted with fear, for from out of the darkness by the door, shone a thin wavering line of bluish light which flashed and gleamed unsteadily, then faded away to re-appear stronger and brighter than at first.

A faint breeze stirred the air, and it seemed as if the world were alive with whispering voices, and soft intangible shapes. To her excited imagination the brightness at the door slowly took form, and acquired the semblance of a well known face. Shadowy and indistinct it appeared, flickering and wavering as if endowed with life. Slowly, with arms outstretched, Mehitable Ann, staggered forward a pace or two, and fell upon her knees. "William, William John," she cried, her brain awhirl, her body rigid with fear, "I'll be true, I'll be true." For an instant more she knelt and then her nerves yielded to the strain and she fell to the floor.

The little room was aglow with moonlight when at last she opened her eyes, and the ghost of William John had departed forever. Outside on the veranda Jacky's feet were playing a double shuffle to the accompaniment of his merry whistle. The sound of his voice gave her courage to rise, and staggering to the door she clasped him in her arms.

Two months later, when Phoebe Goodhue, in rustling plum silk, became the third Mrs. Henderson, nobody guessed that she owed her proud position to a few stolen matches in the mischievous hands of Jacky Ray.

THE THIRD GIRL'S ANSWER.

They were discussing the subject of whether or not the skin of the girl with the Auburn Hair was more affected by tan and sunburn than that of her raven-haired sister, when the third girl appeared. On being asked to decide the question she answered concisely, "My dears, it would all depend upon which of you had used Campana's Italian Balm."

"It is said that those immense hanging gardens of Babylon were really a myth." "I can imagine how it started." "How?" "Some visitor from Babylon probably saw a woman with a new spring hat."—Pittsburg Post.

"I've got a good story to tell you. I don't think I ever told it to you before." "Is it really funny?" "Yes, indeed it is." "Then you haven't told it to me before."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Bacon—A woman who wants to vote is called a Suffragette, is she not? Egbert—Well, yes, that's what she's called if there are ladies present.—Yonkers Statesman.

"What's the matter? Doesn't life look rosy?" "Not much. My creditors are after me, and life is more of a dun color."—Stray Stories.

Ezra the Dreamer.

"EZRA," said Mrs. Billtops (a New York Sun character), "when can I have the money for a new hat?"

"Well, Elizabeth," Mr. Billtops replied, cheerfully, "I couldn't give it to you just now, but I can let you have it next week."

"Next week!" said Mrs. Billtops, echoing the words but giving them a somewhat different twist, saying them not bitterly nor sarcastically but in a sort of sighing, weary tone. She continued:

"Ezra, do you know that you have been saying next week to me ever since we were married, so-and-so many years ago"—Mrs. Billtops mentioned the number, but it isn't necessary to go into all those minor details here—"and that next week has never come? You were going to get me horses and a carriage; yes, sir, I was going to have a carriage sure, and a fine house and beautiful clothes. You were going to make me happy, you said, and give me everything that heart could wish.

"Where, Ezra," Mrs. Billtops went on, smiling herself now as she recalled the catalogue of luxuries which when they were married brave Ezra was going to give her, but which he had never given, "where are those things that I was so surely going to have? Have I horses and a carriage? A fine house? Beautiful clothes? Have I any of the splendid things you promised me, that you were surely going to give me?

"Has it not always been next week, next week, that these things were going to come, but have they ever come?" And again Mrs. Billtops smiled down upon him as she thought to herself: "Horses? Carriages? A fine house? Beautiful clothes? Why, I'm having a hard time getting money enough to buy a new hat!"

"Well, Elizabeth," said Mr. Billtops, and he was smiling too, "I haven't given you all those things that I was going to give you, that I wanted to give you and that I surely expected I would be able to give you, that is true; but you see things didn't turn out exactly as I expected they would.

"I didn't earn as much as I expected to, for one thing; and then, with all your economy, my dear, it always cost us more to live than we had expected; and then the children came; and so all the time it cost us more; and perhaps I didn't save as I should have done, and so I couldn't give you many things that I would have liked to give.

"I haven't put off getting these things because I wanted to, but because I had to. You know I would have given you everything I promised you if I could, don't you? And we have been very happy, haven't we? And I am going to get you all those things yet!"

"Ezra, you're a dreamer!" said Mrs. Billtops, smiling still, and looking down upon him kindly, as a matter of fact very kindly, "just a dreamer."

Then Mr. Billtops got up and started for the office, thinking to himself that perhaps he was a dreamer, perhaps he had been too much of a dreamer; but he had had few nightmares in life, his had been mostly pleasant dreams; and then he reflected seriously that he certainly must find the money for Mrs. Billtop's new hat next week.

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THE TELEPHONE IN MUSKOKA.

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The man with the glassy eye and preternaturally solemn demeanor put down a sovereign at the booking office at Charing Cross, and demanded "a ticket." "What station?" snapped the booking clerk. The would-be traveler steadied himself. "What stations have you?" he asked with quiet dignity.—The Argonaut.

The Seeing New York automobile was moving through the financial district. "This is Wall Street," announced the man with the megaphone. "Keep your hand on your purse, Hiram!" hoarsely whispered a lady from the open country to her husband.—The Argonaut.

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Flatleigh. "You don't mean to tell me you pay a girl $10 a week for cooking?" "Oh, no," replied Mrs. Urbanville. "We only pay her $2 a week for cooking. The other $8 is for staying."—Chicago Daily News.

A country convert, full of zeal, in his first prayer-meeting remarks offered himself for service. "I am ready to do anything the Lord asks of me," said he, "so long as it's honorable."—The Argonaut.

The way of the transgressor is hard—on everybody.—Life.